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[Pittier, Theodore Henry]

William Alvord

Born January 3, 1833
Died December 21, 1904

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SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
1905

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William Oliver

Report of Alvord Memorial Committee.

San Francisco, June 5th, 1905.

To the California Academy of Sciences:

Your Committee, appointed to draw up a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of our late President, William Alvord, respectfully begs leave to present the accompanying memorial.

Alpheus Bull,
J. O'B. Gunn,
Theodore H. Hittell,
Committee.

18280

In Remembrance of President Alvord.

When men of large, complicated, and successful business affairs manifest great and abiding interest in matters of science and art, devote to their cultivation a considerable share of their attention, and contribute to their advancement an appreciable portion of their means, it may be said of them that, though perhaps, technically speaking, neither scientists nor artists, they are nevertheless imbued with true and genuine scientific and artistic spirit. Of such men our late President, William Alvord, was a shining representative, well worthy all the honors we can pay to his memory.

He was a typical American business man of the honorable kind; and, as such, it may be said of him that the more we know of his life and career, the more sincere will be our tribute to his merits. He rose from an humble station. He was born in Albany, New York, on January 3, 1833, and educated at the Albany Academy. In 1850, at the age of seventeen, recognizing the necessity of making his own way in the world, he went to New York City and engaged himself as a clerk and assistant in a large hardware establishment. In 1853, at the early age of twenty, having already by strict attention mastered a competent knowledge of mercantile and commercial problems as well as of the details of trade, he felt strong enough to branch out for himself and fortunately chose California as the scene of his enterprise. He settled, in those pioneer days of our State, at Marysville and established there the hardware house of Alvord and Haviland. After two years of successful business at Marysville, find-

ing the necessity of a wider field to satisfy his aspirations, he removed to San Francisco and established the large wholesale and importing hardware house of William Alvord & Co., in the conduct and management of which he continued for a number of years.

The close, constant and confining application required for the successful carrying on of this extensive business injured his health and at length obliged him to sell out his interests in the hardware firm and take a trip to Europe for the purposes of rest and recuperation. An enviable reputation for sober and sound judgment, well-calculated enterprise, executive ability, and unimpeachable honor and honesty remained behind; and, after his return from his travels, he was in 1871 nominated and elected by a handsome majority Mayor of San Francisco, which office he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the City for two years. In 1873, when Golden Gate Park may be said to have first started to become a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the inhabitants of San Francisco, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for its improvement and management, in which position he continued until 1882; and it was very much to his artistic taste and judicious recommendations that we owe the privileges of our citizens and our visitors from abroad freely enjoying, even in the midst of winter, one of the handsomest and in many respects most interesting public parks in the world.

In 1878, while still acting as Park Commissioner, he was appointed one of the Police Commissioners of San Francisco. Those, it is to be recollected, were the days of the Sand-Lot Excitements, when strong, reliable and efficient men were needed to look after police affairs; and Mr. Alvord proved to be one of those who could and did guide the City safely through that stormy and tumultuous period. His services in this position were found to be

so valuable and acceptable that they could not well be dispensed with; and, notwithstanding the multifarious other matters requiring his attention, he continued to act as Police Commissioner until 1899. In the meantime, while thus occupied in public station, he was one of our most enterprising, but at the same time safe and solid, money managers, to whom in great part is due the present exalted position of San Francisco in the financial world. In 1871, the same year in which he was elected Mayor of the City, he became director in the Bank of California, of which he had been one of the original incorporators in 1864. In 1875, when that Bank, which did the largest business and had the most extensive connections with all the older States and all the principal countries on the globe, for reasons not necessary on this occasion to recapitulate, became involved and was obliged to suspend, threatening ruin to thousands and producing wide-spread consternation in the entire business community, Mr. Alvord was one of the most active and efficient of the solid men who came forward to save the credit of the City and State by rehabilitating the Bank, restoring its bullion balances, and refilling its paying teller's trays with current coin.

It might be supposed that this enumeration of employments would be enough, and more than enough, to fill up the entire attention of the busiest lifetime. But the story is as yet only half told. Mr. Alvord's energy and activity, though modest and unobtrusive, were phenomenal. To satisfy his yearning towards art and his love of the beautiful, he became an active member and promoter of the San Francisco Art Association, of which in 1871, the year of his election as Mayor of the City, he was elected president, and continued acting as such by re-election for four successive terms. Afterwards, to satisfy his love of nature and contribute to the preservation of the woods

and forests, which constitute so great an attraction of our California scenery, he became a member of the American Forestry Association of Washington City, of which beneficent institution he was president during the years 1890 and 1891. It seems that in whatever direction he turned, his amiable qualities, dignified and decorous demeanor and executive ability opened to him and obliged him to accept first rank; and it is almost bewildering to name the societies and associations over which from time to time he was called upon to preside. He was made president of the Alaska-Treadwell Gold Mining Company; president of the Alaska-Mexican Gold Mining Company; president of the Alaska-United Gold Mining Company; president of the San Francisco Clearing House; president of the Spring Valley Water Company; president of the Pacific Club; president of the Loring Club; president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific; chairman of the local board of directors of the London, Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company; director of the Selby Smelting and Lead Works; director of the United Railroads of San Francisco; director of the Spreckels and Western Sugar Refining Companies; director of the Security Savings Bank, and director of the California Title Insurance and Trust Company.

Of the California Academy of Sciences he became a resident member, by regular application and election, on February 19, 1872, over a generation ago. He joined it in its dark days when it was still struggling for existence and when no one joined except to help it along in recognition of its great value to the City and State as an educational and civilizing institution. Two years afterwards, on July 16, 1874, when James Lick made his munificent donation of over three millions of dollars to the cause of science, art, and philanthropy, of which this Academy was one of the chief beneficiaries, Mr. Alvord was named

one of the original board of Lick trustees. On February 19, 1897, just twenty-five years after first joining the Academy, having during all those years contributed to its support, Mr. Alvord, by virtue of the constitution, became a life member. On January 5, 1903, he was elected president of the Academy and occupied that position for two years and up to the time of his decease. During those years his health was much affected and it was deemed imprudent to expose himself to the night air. Though he attended the regular council meetings in the daytime, he was not able to be often present at the semi-monthly evening meetings. But there were exceptional occasions on which he ventured out. A particularly notable occasion of this kind was the semi-centennial meeting of May 16, 1903, when it became his pleasant duty to present to Luther Burbank, the so-called Wizard of Horticulture and our now famous fellow-member, a beautiful gold medal, the gift of ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, in appreciation of his wonderful work. It will be recollected by those present at that meeting with what grace Mr. Alvord made his short but pertinent address of presentation; and how, when Mr. Burbank, overcome by his feelings, hesitated in his reply, Mr. Alvord, with admirable tact and readiness, exclaimed, "It is unnecessary, Mr. Burbank, to make any reply: the Academy will speak for you!"—and at once the audience burst out in loud and prolonged applause.

An apparently very small, but at the same time very significant circumstance, illustrative of Mr. Alvord's character, was the fact that he was accustomed, on his visits, as Commissioner or otherwise, to Golden Gate Park, to carry a pocket full of crumbs, which he would scatter about for the delectation of the wild birds; thereby not only gratifying his own instinctive feelings of love to the interesting little creatures but also tending to make

them attached to the Park as a home where they would always find provision and protection. He was a man of warm affections. Though he had lived the most of his life a bachelor, he in June, 1884, married Mrs. Mary E. Keeney, to whom he became an attached and devoted husband. On May 23, 1903, only a week after our semi-centennial meeting before mentioned, he was called upon to mourn her loss, and her death affected him deeply. At the end of that year, 1903, he was prevailed upon to accept the office of president of the Academy for another year; but towards the end of 1904, on account of the precarious state of his health, being liable, as he fully realized, to drop at any moment, he declined to undertake a further term. His premonitions proved too true. On December 21, 1904, his heart ceased to beat; and his death, as soon as announced, evoked universal testimonials of respect to his worth. In disposing of his estate he liberally remembered the Academy and thus to the last testified his interest in it and in its objects. As before intimated, though he may not have been, technically speaking, either a scientist or an artist; yet it is evident, from what has been said, that he had a true and genuine feeling for science and art, and in all his engrossing and absorbing business affairs regarded them as shining beacons of guidance on his path. And in this connection it may be well to remember that saying of the old Romans, in which there was much truth in their days and is much truth now, that the highest stage of human life is that of the good citizen, to the making of whom all science and art and education of every kind are subordinate. President Alvord was, in a very eminent degree, a good citizen.

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

Doctor Hans Herman Behr

[Gutzkow, Franziska]

Born August 18, 1818
Died March 6, 1904

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
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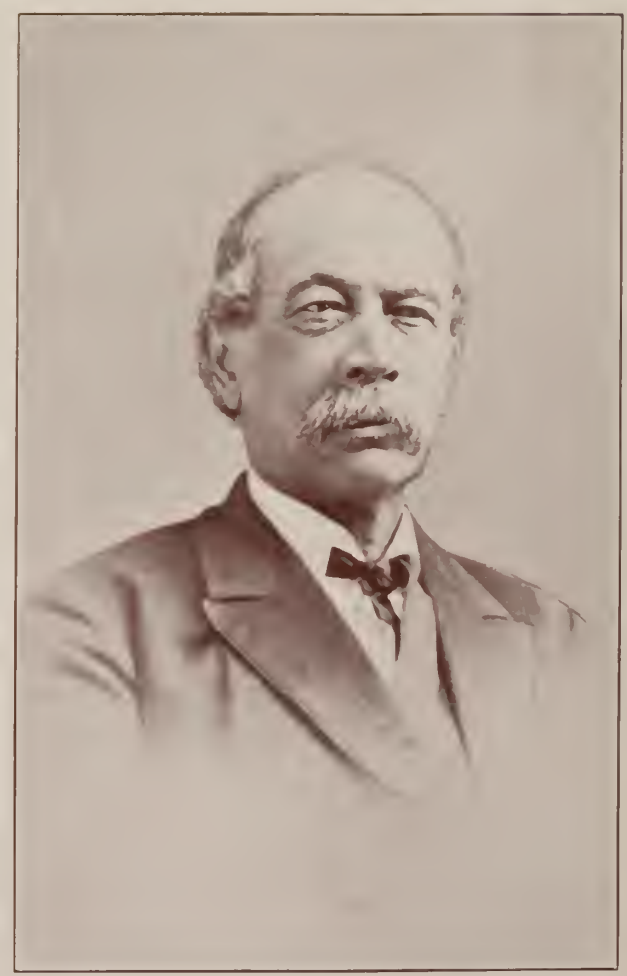

H. H. Bancroft

Report of the Committee Appointed to Prepare and Present an Account of the Life and Services of

Doctor Hans Herman Behr

READ BEFORE THE
California Academy of Sciences
March 21, 1904

Hans Herman Behr, second vice-president of the California Academy of Sciences, died in San Francisco on March 6, 1904, at the age of eighty-five years and six months. By his death the Academy lost not only one of its oldest members but also one of its most active and successful workers in the field of natural sciences.

Doctor Behr was born on August 18, 1818, at Coethen, in the German duchy of Anhalt, where his family had for centuries been prominently connected with the administration of that principality.

After receiving a thorough classical education at an old and well known Latin school, he studied medicine and natural sciences at the universities of Halle, Wurzburg, and Berlin. At Berlin he passed his examinations, and in 1843 received the degree of doctor of medicine. In 1898, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, this degree was renewed by the University of Berlin upon the recommendation of Behr's lifelong friend, Professor Rudolf Virchow. Such renewal was an exceptional honor for a German-American physician.

In 1844, encouraged by Alexander von Humboldt and the celebrated geographer, Karl Ritter, Doctor Behr went to Australia to study that then little known country and

the life of its aborigines. Among the natives he lived for some time, reporting the results of his studies in Virchow's 'Archiv', in the 'Linnæa' of Professor Schlechtendahl, in 'Nature', and in other German scientific periodicals. His researches in botany and entomology, the sciences which later became his specialties, and his study of the language of the Australasians brought him into prominence among the workers in those fields and into lasting relations with many scientists of fame, notably the late Australian State-botanist, Baron Mueller of Melbourne. California is indebted to the friendship existing between Behr and Baron Mueller for the introduction of many valuable Australian plants.

From Australia Dr. Behr extended his travels to Java, the Straits-Settlements, the East Indies, and the Cape of Good Hope—always observing, collecting, and describing. It is readily understood that in those years such travels were made with less comfort and with greater risk to health and life than nowadays.

In 1847 he returned to Germany and commenced the practice of medicine at Coethen. However, he remained there but a year; for during the turmoils of the revolutionary year of 1848, his political views having brought him into antagonism with his family, he gave up his practice and undertook his second great voyage, journeying first to Brazil and other countries of South America, and thence to the Philippine Islands. There, in Manila, he remained for the next two years, practicing medicine and exploring the country. In his explorations he was greatly assisted by the information derived from several eminent scientists whom he found among the local Catholic clergy.

In 1851 he came to California, which he never again left except in 1853, when he made a journey to Germany in order to bring his Polish bride, Miss Agnes Omylska,

to his San Francisco home. From this union, which unfortunately was soon severed by the death of the young wife, there were three children—two daughters, both of whom are now married and living in Coethen, and one son, Hans C. Behr, a mechanical engineer of more than ordinary ability, who lives at Johannesburg, South Africa, where he is in charge of some mining property.

Doctor Behr joined the Academy on February 6, 1854. The old records of the proceedings show how greatly the Academy was benefited by the admission of the new member. It was then less than a year old. Its founders, deeply impressed as they were with the importance of scientific research in this at that time unexplored state, were mostly amateurs, although by incessant study and devotion to science, some of them, like our late Doctor Kellogg, gradually attained an eminence where they ranked with the best. Into this group of worthy but little-schooled gentlemen came Behr with his thorough scientific training, his solid learning, his rich experience gathered during long and successful travels, and his ability to distinguish the truly new and interesting from observations and discoveries that had been made before. From California, which after centuries of obscurity had suddenly arisen to prominence and fame, the scientific world expected much; and it was largely due to the care of Doctor Behr that those hopes were not disappointed, and that only such discoveries were published as would command attention—a result not easy to accomplish among amateurs in danger of thinking the showy, popular side to be also the most important one.

Doctor Behr's learning and memory were truly surprising, and by no means limited to the branches of natural science which he had chosen as specialties. He was an excellent linguist, speaking six or more modern languages; he had made a deep study of comparative

philology, and of the mythology and theology of the East Indian cults; he had acquired a very good knowledge of Hebrew and Sanskrit, and was acquainted with the languages spoken by the Australian savages and by the Malays in Java and the Philippines, as well as with the tongues of the various branches of the great Slavonian nation. His scholarship in Greek and Latin was of much use to those who had discovered new species in botany or other sciences and who did not feel safe in their Latinity. Even eastern scientists often consulted him thereon, and were sometimes astonished at the blunders he discovered in their Græco-Latin make-ups. He frequently astounded his oldest friends by opening up to them a vein of knowledge on some subject with which they had never thought him to be familiar. Behr could and did say something interesting on almost every subject brought up for discussion at the meetings of our Academy. As he rarely missed a meeting during the half century of his membership (except during the last few years, when the infirmities of age prevented his attendance), we seldom missed hearing something interesting or instructive from him when others remained silent. Behr was always ready to help the younger or less informed members in their researches, and assisted hundreds of farmers, fruit-raisers, and gardeners in the manifold troubles which beset the cultivation of plants and trees in a new country. His correspondence on such points reached all over the Coast.

But while Behr was always kind, patient, and even indulgent to the searcher for information, he was a sworn enemy of all scientific humbug, of quacks and false pretenders. He did not make it his business to expose them, but he never refrained from expressing his opinion of them, quite regardless of person or station. Thus he did not fail to make some bitter enemies, to the great detriment of financial success in his profession. In the early

days San Francisco was El Dorado not only for the miners, but also for so-called physicians who were in reality students who had failed to pass their examinations or former hospital-stewards or enterprising barbers, who had affixed unto themselves the doctor-title. Most of the regular physicians gave to these pretenders the benefit of the cloak of professional ethics. Behr never did and never hesitated to ridicule them. One of their number, who held sway in a local German paper because he wrote well and gratis, became Behr's furious enemy. He found nothing vulnerable in Behr's blameless life and solid knowledge. But Behr was a Catholic, and, for a modern scientist, had exceptionally strong religious feelings. This sufficed for his adversary, who charged him with being in secret affiliated with the Jesuits. He started in his paper the ever popular Lutheran pastime of Jesuit-baiting. For years every number contained a leader against the Jesuits, winding up with a denunciation of Doctor Behr as one of the most dangerous of them. It was a lie, but it worked well. Behr's patients, mostly honest but somewhat dull North German (and consequently Lutheran) grocers, butchers, and other tradespeople, who had been brought up in the belief that a Jesuit was the very twin-brother of the 'Gott-sei-bei-uns', left him; and he had to sell the land which he had secured at the corner of Bryant and Fifth streets, and start afresh to establish a practice among the more intelligent German residents. He revenged himself by pointing sarcastic arrows, which mutual friends never failed to wing to the target for which they were intended. For instance, discovering a particularly obnoxious louse, he named it after his enemy. Doctor Behr used to make light of the matter, but a week before his death he confessed to the writer how deeply he had suffered under those vile calumnies.

Nor did Behr's sharp and ready wit spare the political officials who were appointed by the State or Federal government to take charge of the botanical or entomological interests of California although they possessed but the flimsiest knowledge. In such matters he was brave to the point of recklessness. He would listen respectfully to the warnings of his friends, but he never followed them.

Although Doctor Behr was second to none in medical knowledge and kept well posted on the progress of medical science, it can not be said that he loved his profession. Still less did he understand the art, so highly developed among modern physicians, of making it pay. On receiving the degree of doctor of medicine, in accordance with an old mediæval custom, he had to take a Latin oath to help the needy sick without regard to remuneration. This oath he kept conscientiously.

But undoubtedly his happiest days were those when he escaped from his practice and made excursions into the neighboring counties in search of plants and butterflies. Experience had taught him never to go alone; so he always took along some trusty friend, a few members of the Academy, or some of his students after he became professor of botany at the Pharmaceutical College. Surely none who had the good fortune to go with him on those excursions will ever forget the genial old man, always witty, humorous, and ready to teach, and his almost childlike pleasure when he found a rare plant or insect. His medical friends probably envied him his courage in so frequently putting aside professional cares and possible emoluments; but as those relaxations contributed so largely toward keeping him in robust health and giving him so many years of life, he proved himself in the end the wisest of them all.

Behr's most beloved specialty, as is widely known, was the study of butterflies. He commenced collecting them

in early youth, and gradually gathered a large collection notable for the rarity, excellent preservation, and scientific arrangement of the specimens—a collection which if it were located nearer the centers of scientific exchange, say in London, would represent a value of thousands of dollars.

Over twelve years ago, when he retired from his medical practice, he presented this collection to our Academy with the understanding that it would be left under his care up to his death—he to receive the usual curator's salary. This agreement our boards of trustees have faithfully kept. It is one of the most gratifying returns from James Lick's bounty, that we have thus been enabled to grant to this worthy man and eminent scientist an ideal old age—an old age free from pecuniary care, venerated by friends in all walks of life, in scientific surroundings, with his collection about him (the life work so dear to his heart), within the walls of this Academy which he loved so well.

F. Gutzkow,
George Chismore,
Alice Eastwood,
Committee.

Memorial

OF

Thaddeus Bowman Bigelow

At a meeting of the Harvard Club of San Francisco, held on the 17th day of January, 1889, the Club received from its Committee (Horace Davis and W. T. Reid), and ordered to be printed and entered at length on its minutes, the following Memorial of its former member, THADDEUS BOWMAN BIGELOW.

Thaddeus Bowman Bigelow

1799-1888

By the death of Mr. Bigelow the Harvard Club has lost its oldest member. The arc of his life spanned eighty-nine years, and the point from which it sprang was the only place where this Club came in actual contact with the last century.

Born at Westminster, Mass., June 3d, 1799, he came with his parents early in life to Cambridge, and lived all his youth in the historic old mansion in Cambridgeport, known as the Inman Castle. He fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and entered Harvard in 1816, graduating in 1820. While there he was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club, and of the Phi Beta Kappa.

On graduating, he joined his father in business in Boston, and shortly after was married, in 1823, to Miss Polly D. Cutler, the mother of his children. Three years later he removed to Troy, New York, where Mrs. Bigelow died, and in June, 1847, he married Mrs. Ann Emmons, who died in 1876, in Oakland, California. From Troy Mr. Bigelow returned to Cambridge, on his father's death, in 1849, and, seven years

later, removed to Wisconsin; but, after a short residence there, he joined his children in California, where he remained till his death, on the third of last June, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, but in the full possession of all his faculties.

His only son, Samuel C. Bigelow, has long been a member of this Club.

Mr. Bigelow's life was long and useful, though unmarked by stirring events. He hated the turmoil of public life, accepting such position only under the pressure of public interest. Twice he was chosen an Alderman of Cambridge, once he represented the city in the Legislature, and once upon the School Committee.

He was a man of gentle and kindly disposition, of consistent but unobtrusive piety, with a high sense of honor, and a steady self-command, which never gave way to passion. He was very fond of young people, and always took a deep interest in their moral and material welfare.

His affection for his Alma Mater was unchilled by age, and only advancing years prevented him from sharing actively in the proceedings of our Society. His college life had been spent in the company of men who, with very few exceptions, have passed from the stage of life, and many of whose names have become historic. George Bancroft, Caleb Cushing and Samuel A. Eliot graduated at the end of his freshman year; twelve months later, Sidney Bartlett, Rev. Dr. Geo. R. Noyes and Henry K. Oliver; while among his own

class, remarkable for the number of distinguished clergymen on its roll, were Rev. Drs. Wm. H. Furness, Ezra S. Gannett and Alexander Young; and the succeeding class boasted of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Governor Kent, of Maine, the hero of the campaign song of 1840.

In this active, vigorous life in California, where all is young and fresh, there is little to link us with the past. As sons of old Harvard, we boast of her antiquity, and to-night we meet to renew our allegiance to her, claiming for ourselves some share in those laurels with which she is crowned by the achievements of her eminent sons. And so we will cherish the memory of our venerable associate,—the kindly old gentleman, whose youth was passed among that noble company. We will remember him, both for his own sake and as the last living link connecting us with the Harvard of those days.

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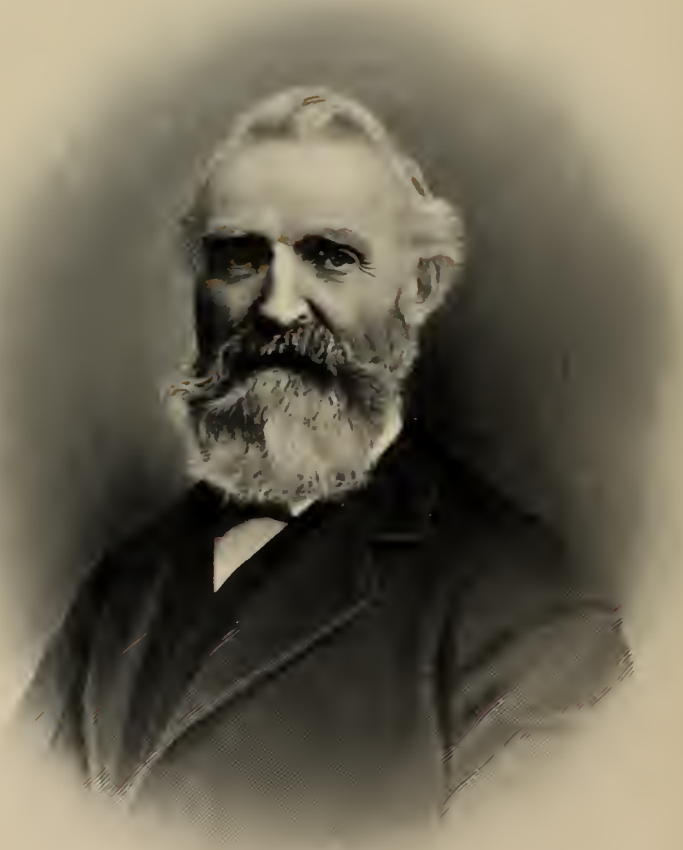
In Memoriam

William Judson Clark



William Judson Clark

William Judson Clark

Born August 19th, 1825

Died October 29th, 1909

THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

William Judson Clark

HONORABLE WILLIAM JUDSON CLARK, manufacturer, former State Senator, and one of Southington's ablest business men and most useful citizens, was the oldest living son of Deacon Theodosius and Chloe Clark, and was born in Southington, Connecticut, August 19th, 1825.

Breaking away from ancestral traditions and orthodox standards of a son of the soil, he early started to carve his own future on independent and untried lines. The first fifteen years of his life followed the usual channels, wherein the wholesome duties of home and farm, and what education could be gleaned from the traditional red schoolhouse facilities, played the essential rôle; but the demands of the farm were so far in excess that the limitations of the two term per year schedule failed to appease his thirst for knowledge. Physical and mental activities, backed by the eager and earnest student, found a way, and the Southington Academy became possible.

The "destiny" that seemed to shape his course came in the form of impaired eyesight, thus interfering with his preparation for college. Nothing daunted, though greatly disappointed, he accepted the situation forced upon him, turning his energies and interests to new fields. The year 1846, while he was principal of the High School at West Avon, Connecticut, closed educational experiences so far as book study was directly concerned.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Clark formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Hezekiah C. Cummings, under the firm name of Cummings & Clark, country merchants, located at "Hitchcock's Basin," on the Farmington canal, at the southern line of the town of Southington where the Meriden and Waterbury turnpike, or stage road, crossed. Their success was promoted by hiring the only canal boat that was owned in the town of

Southington, which gave them a monopoly of the freighting of the merchandise and inducing them to establish the first lumber and coal yard in that town.

In 1849, Mr. Clark, desiring to see more of the world, became one of a company of fifty-five men who sought the newly discovered gold fields of California. They left New Haven, Connecticut, January 23d, 1849, in the schooner *G. H. Montague.* The route lay via Cape Horn, and the Golden Gate was entered on June 25th.

About two years after this, of varied interests and experiences, Mr. Clark returned to his native town, where he became identified with its industrial life as a manufacturer of nuts and bolts.

In 1854, owing to the increase of business, Mr. Clark's brothers, Henry H. and Charles H., became members of the firm, under the firm name of William J. Clark & Company. Many improvements were made in the general equipment of the plant. The Civil War naturally created a demand for gun screws, and Mr. Clark added those implements to the list of his products. Thus launched on his business career, Mr. Clark in 1855 married Sarah J. Bradley of Southington.

In 1871, he retired from the active management of the business factory, retaining his financial interest until 1881, when his patents expired. In the meantime, around the original mill had grown a flourishing factory village, for which Mr. Clark secured a post office under the name it still bears—Milldale.

After his retirement from the nut and bolt industry, Mr. Clark, with six other men, organized in 1881 the Southington Lumber and Feed Company (including dealing in coal), and resuming a business that he had established in 1847. He was a director until 1903, when he also became its president.

In 1882, Mr. Clark was elected State Senator, and during the session of 1883 was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. In the session of 1884, he was chairman of the committees on Claims, Temperance and Constitutional Amendments. His most important official action while in the Senate was his contest in the session of 1883, against the Ætna Life Insurance Company, which aimed to capitalize, by legislative action, a large sum of money which Mr. Clark believed to have been wrongfully drawn from the "Mutual Department" of the company. The bill was passed despite his plea for an investigation. He con-

tinued the contest in the session of the General Assembly of 1884, with a bill to produce the desired investigation, and supported it with figures and facts brought from the Insurance Department in the Capitol to verify his contention.

Failing to get adequate support for the measure, he resumed his effort before the General Assembly of 1887, with additional preparation and elucidation of the wrongs he sought to correct. This resulted in placing a new Act in the statutes, whereby the Insurance Commissioner could investigate the conduct of any company; and later in an investigation in 1896 by the Insurance Commissioner, and the discovery that Mr. Clark's allegations were fully verified. A suit was instituted by the Commissioner which resulted in the court's ordering restitution of a large sum to the source from which it had been diverted.

Mr. Clark has been a Republican in politics since the advent of that party and he was for many years chairman of its town committee. He was a loyal Union man during the Civil War, and a warm friend of Governor Buckingham. He organized the Union League in Southington, and was its president during the war. He was also influential in bringing about the "Furlough Act" in 1863. He was one of the charter members of Eureka Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was its first Vice Grand in 1852, and Noble Grand the succeeding year. He has been through all the chairs and has several times been a delegate to the Grand Lodge of Connecticut.

It was a fundamental principle of Mr. Clark to give preference to employees who did not use intoxicating beverages, and who faithfully devoted their earnings to the proper support of those dependent upon them, believing the economic question and the danger of having powerful machinery run by men with brain and nerves disordered by the use of alcohol, sufficient reason for the rule. The result was that the two saloons existing in that district in 1851 soon retired or moved out and it became a sufficient recommendation to any other factories in the town for an employee seeking a position to quote that he had fulfilled a year satisfactorily at the Clark shop. Throughout his life all beneficial and reform measures that made for the good and rights of the people have ever found in Mr. Clark a vigilant and hearty champion.—From *Men of Mark of Connecticut.*

Defences of the Nation

Memorial Sermon to Honorable William Judson Clark, Stony Creek, Connecticut, November 21st, 1909.

By Rev. E. S. Holloway of Hartford, Conn.

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." II Kings, ii, 12.

This was Elisha's farewell to the prophet Elijah, as that grand old Tishbite was taken in the chariot of fire to his eternal home with God.

His life had been a stormy one. In a degenerate age he had been strong and true. Surrounded by a corrupt nation, he had not hesitated to rebuke kings with unsparing denunciations and threaten them with the just wrath of a holy God. Although they hated him, they feared him, for they knew that he was a man of God and that his prayers prevailed at the throne of the Most High.

We find but one eclipse to the faith of that mighty man. Once and only once did his faith waver and that was when he sat down beneath a juniper tree and asked that he might die. But God quickly dissipated his gloom and we see the same fearless man going forth in the name of God to warn the doers of evil and to encourage all of those who sought to do good and to promote the cause of righteousness.

The time has come now for him to go to his reward. He has finished his work and God is to give him the distinction of passing on into the heavenlies without passing through the portals of the grave. Elisha has some premonition of the coming separation and watches for the moment of passing. The hour is at hand. Strange messengers appear and the great man who had borne well the burden and heat of the day goes on to be with God.

In that moment the successor to the great prophet utters these words of the text: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel

and the horsemen thereof." What he meant to say was, that men of the character and type of his great predecessor were to the nation what others supposed horses and chariots to be. These were the defence and protection of the nation in the time of battle. If war desolated the land, it was the horsemen and the chariots upon whom they depended to protect them from the invader and to bring honor and victory to their standards. He would have them understand that a better defence for their country than was afforded by horsemen and chariots was their true and incorruptible men. If he had spoken in modern phraseology he would have said, "the fortifications, the standing army, the battleships, the armaments of war." That is, all that fortifications and armies are for—the defence of the nation—is best found in the men like the great Elijah. This was his meaning and it has always been true that good men and true, men who love righteousness and hate wickedness, are the best defences of every nation. Queen Mary said that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men, which was the greatest tribute to the purity, the nobility and strength of character of that mighty man; and those of his countrymen who knew of his strength might well have said after such a message from the throne, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

If I apprehend the text aright I can say of the departure of my friend William J. Clark, "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," only in a less degree. Men like unto this man are the true defences of the nation. They are worth more to our national life than all the fortifications that have ever been constructed. This Commonwealth is poorer to-day because this man has finished his work. Poorer, I say, since his voice is no more to be heard against great wrongs and his help to be given no more to the maintenance of a righteous cause. Connecticut may well mourn when one of her noblest sons has sheathed his sword for the last time and heard the summons that called him from the battlefield of life. His presence will be missed in the halls of legislation, where once he had a voice and where always he had an influence for the best things. No righteous cause that asked for a hearing was lacking for a friend when he was present. No injustice that sought recognition and power was without a fearless foe when he was upon the field.

We are prone to think in these days that patriotism found, if not its only sphere of action on the battlefield, yet its greatest and largest opportunity to display its zeal. I need not say to you that I do not mean by this to depreciate the noble efforts of that heroic band which went forth nearly fifty years ago to preserve this nation. For these men who made the preservation of our national life possible, I have nothing but words of highest praise; too often I have paid my tribute to the old soldier for men not to know the esteem in which I shall always hold him. For him, I yield to no man, upon the plea of a larger love. But what I mean to say is that with all of the sacrifice that is called for in war, and however brilliant a theater for the display of love of country is there afforded, yet that is not the only place to try men's souls; and that is not the only place where patriotism finds its greatest expression. In those days Senator Clark was in the prime of life; he believed, none more earnestly, in the preservation of our common country. And he yielded his great abilities to aid that common cause and perhaps accomplish more than he ever could have accomplished if he had put upon himself a uniform and taken his place in the ranks. He was at the head of the patriotic organization of his town and lost no opportunity in keeping before the people the cause of our country, and in myriads of ways, aided by his means, his efforts and his influence, the cause of the Union. And yet if the chapter had closed there, if there had been no display of patriotism since that time, there might be in this advanced day some question as to the depths of his love to our common country; but the long years of service for the public good since those distant days demonstrates beyond all shadow of doubt that the same spirit that has prompted him since prompted him then.

The best definition of patriotism that I ever heard, that is of the highest patriotism, is that it is an unselfish devotion to the public interest. Measured by this standard, Senator Clark stands out as one of the foremost patriots of his time. For I have never known a man in public life who did so much in an entirely unselfish way as did my departed friend. There are men who have been interested in the public welfare from other motives than these. There are men who have sought public office, who have been high-minded and have served well the age in which they lived; and yet remember that this does not consti-

tute the highest patriotism. This is found only where the interest is unselfish, entirely for the public good, where no benefit only the most remote is to accrue to him who labors for such a cause. There have been many years of splendid effort in behalf of reform legislation, in behalf of righteousness and the public good to which this man has given his life, in which he had no possible interest, except the welfare of his fellow-men. He spent his money freely in an honorable and legitimate way, and gave his time and his energy to aid in the promotion of every noble cause. Every righteous act that was suggested to be framed into law had his cordial support. And every vicious measure that had been conceived in selfishness and born in personal greed had in him an uncompromising foe. The last time I saw him in life was in the legislative hall at the Capitol, where he was standing shoulder to shoulder with the friends of temperance and good government, giving his aid in advice and sympathy and influence for the maintenance of the highest standards of right.

And I repeat that Connecticut is a poorer state to-day since he has gone. Such men as these are the real defences of the nation. I pray God to raise up other men of a similar spirit, who shall lift their voices in the presence of self-seeking and those enemies to the national life who would prostitute public welfare for private gain—men who have an iron will and a lion's courage in the presence of the despoilers of our national life.

And this was the spirit that characterized him. Whenever you saw him on Capitol Hill, you might know that he was there in the interests of the people. Other men sometimes appear among the lawmakers, whose presence, it is said, indicates mischief to the Commonwealth, because of interests which they represent. But when he came we knew that there was some "cause that lacked assistance, or some wrong that needed resistance," to which he would lend his aid.

Dr. Samuel Howe once wrote to his friend Charles Sumner and said, "I don't know what you are doing; but I do know that whatever you are doing it is a service of devotion, and a labor of love for some worthy cause which you have championed." And that might be said with equal truth of our departed friend; when you saw him you might be certain that he was there for the good of men.

I feel somewhat rebuked when I recall some conversation that I had with him when he had passed the eightieth milestone. I suggested that his life had been strenuous and would it not be well that the remaining years be passed in quiet, and the great public duties be left to others. I am glad that he did not heed that advice, but that to the very last he stood with his face to the foe, bearing the banner of civic righteousness, and working with all his might for the public good.

One of the grandest characters that we find in the history of Israel was Caleb, one of the two who brought back a favorable report from the land of promise. When at last they had entered into that inheritance, then Caleb came, an old man, asking for the hardest place in all the new country, and before the new leader he made his plea with those splendid words, "I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me, and lo, I am fourscore and five years old! but as my strength was then even so is my strength now; give me therefore this mountain."

And thus at such a ripe old age he comes and asks for the hardest place and takes up his work with the vigor of youth. So it was with my departed friend. To the very last he bore the banner on to victory. He never thought that he was old. That there was something yet to be done was enough for him, and with all the ardor of youth he threw himself into the fray. He died as he had wished—with no prolonged sickness, with no period of protracted pain. The summons came quickly and he finished his work and laid down to rest. He died as we could have wished it, too; with the one who had walked by his side these many years with him to the end of his journey, ministering to him in love and tenderness during all the days that he was descending the western slope of the hill. He has left an inheritance of a good name; a life well spent; a service given to others and for the public good. Such men are invaluable in the nation's life. They constitute its real defence; its greatest strength; its richest wealth. "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Mr. Clark was a man of philanthropy and benevolence that was little known to the world at large. Indeed, I doubt if those who were nearest him knew how often his hand was open toward those whom he discovered who had pressing needs. His benevolence was of the type that let not the left hand know what the

right hand was doing. Many a man has had reason to stop and thank God for the spirit which was displayed by our pilgrim brother in his noble efforts to lend aid without promoting pauperism, and to give substantial help without impoverishing. If all of those of whom I know should come before you and tell how the strong hand that is now still had been extended to them in some of the hard places of life, your eyes would fill with tears and your hearts with gratitude that this man had lived among you through all these years and that he had scattered the seeds of kindness along so many paths. Yes, and I believe it would give us all an inspiration to live for larger and nobler ends and to believe that the life spent in well-doing was best. Let us believe that it would stimulate us all to a nobler endeavor and make us resolve

I will be true, for there are those who trust me,
I will be pure, for there are those who care.
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all the friendless,
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humbler, remembering all my weakness,
I would look up, and love and smile and lift.

As to the religious life of my beloved friend, I am not less free to speak than concerning these other features of his life. He was not a member of the Church of Christ. I wish that he had been. I thought at one time that he would be a member of this church, so deep was his interest in its welfare. The questions that relate to the future he spoke little about. Once when one of our children died he wrote me a letter of sympathy, and spoke about the future life, and how little he felt that he knew about it. If the Church of God seventy years ago had occupied the same place in regard to the conversion of children that it now does he would have been a member of it for all these years. He had a childish experience, the experience such as any bright active boy would have who sought God, but the lambs were not gathered into the flock in those days as they are now, and he was told to wait, and consequently he never was enrolled among its members. But I believe, and I have believed for many years, that there was a love for Christ in that great heart, that found expression in some other way. I believe that from the standpoint of a

Christian his heart beat true to God. His warfare against all evil was an evidence of that. His love for righteousness and his zeal in the promotion of righteousness is an evidence of that. I am told by those who know that this little church had no stauncher a friend than this man who has devoted himself to its interests. I know how interested he was in the building of this church edifice, and while I would not disparage the efforts of any other, yet I believe in some measure that it was due to his tireless activity that the work was successfully accomplished, and stands in some degree to-day a beautiful silent witness to his efforts, and you may say of him, members of this church, in some degree as was said in the olden days, "He loved our nation and has built for us a synagogue."

One of the leading members of this flock called at his beautiful home on the hill one day, to see him upon some matter of business. He found him in the rear of his home diligently at work tearing up some old poisonous vines which had been growing there for a generation. Mr. Clark was seeking to root them out of the soil where they had so long defied all efforts to extricate them. The task seemed well-nigh a hopeless one; but months afterwards the gentleman told me he went to look upon the scene where the deadly vines once grew, and lo! they had all been exterminated and the greensward smiled where the poison once existed. Thus through his whole life he has been rooting up the evils that he found everywhere; that little incident was characteristic of the man's whole life. And in that heart I believe, and ever will, that there was a love for Christ and a faith in Christ that found expression through his active, busy life, and that opened before him at last the gates of day.

I realize to-day that some man will say that I speak from the standpoint of a personal friend and not with the impartiality that would come from one who observed the life from a distance. This I know is true. I speak from a friendship of more than twenty years. I rejoice that it is so. I am glad to say that I have often been in his home and that he was always a welcome guest in mine. I am glad that I could trust this man with my confidence and that he in some measure was ready to confide in me. I regard it as complimentary that a man so sterling and true, a man who hated shams as much as he, a man who believed in the final triumph of righteousness as did he, I regard it as a

compliment, I say, that such a man should make me his friend through all of these long years. And I believe that that friendship the better entitles me to speak of his worth. The Master said that it was the privilege of one who was a friend of God to know what his Lord doeth. And it is the privilege of human friendship to know the better the life and the character of the one who is his friend. And I speak from a knowledge of the man whom I have known so long and loved so well. There was a wide disparity in our ages, but that was no barrier between us. I loved Senator Clark and he returned that love to me. He was always ready to give of his wise counsel and it was a refreshing thing always to know that here beside the great waters there was a strong and sturdy friend. May that God whom we love and serve give to us to know the wealth of such a friendship!

But I could not cease this message to-day without I ask of each one of you in reference to your own life: Are you living in that attitude to God and man that your life constitutes a defence to the community of which you are part? If you love righteousness and hate iniquity; if you are giving of your life for the world's betterment; if you are serving and trusting God, then you are contributing something of real worth to the generation of which you are a part. The great call of God is first for their hearts, their love. Have you heeded that call? To-day it comes again and the Father says to each of us, "Give me thine heart." Will you who have long refused, accept the gracious invitation and become one of the children of God? If you will, as a result of this passing into the heavenlies of the one whom we mourn, we can say that "He being dead yet speaketh."

If, then, as we believe, this brother found an abundant entrance beyond the gates, the terms that we use here have no meaning there, for what we call death is to them the door that opens into life.

A pilgrim, once, so runs the ancient tale,
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale.
On every side rose mountains steep and high,
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky.
His step was heavy, and his feet were bare,
His face was lined with seams of pain and care,
His weary eye upon the ground was cast
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven as if to mock
The pilgrim who had toiled that upward way;
But as his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an opening in the mountain side,
A grim and ponderous brazen door he spied,
And hastening towards it with fast failing breath
Above that portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his steps that led thereto,
It opened to his touch, and passing through
He came into a land all bright and fair,
Blue was the sky, and balmy was the air.
And lo, the blood of youth was in his veins
And he was clad in robes that bore no stains
Of his late pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned
And lo, a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight. And now his eyes
All lusterful and full in those fair skies
Free from the mist and age of care and strife
Above that portal read, "The Gate of Life."

And while our tear-dimmed eyes look through the shadows and see the Gate of Death, upon thy raptured vision, O heroic soul, departed friend, has dawned the Gate of Life.

Of Mr. Clark's career, one of the leading state papers published the following editorial:

Ex-Senator Clark

"Former Senator William J. Clark was one of the best men of Connecticut who ever fearlessly battled for what he thought was right.

"He was a man of pure, high motives, spotless character and sturdy integrity.

"He feared no man or combination of men. He dared to do right from his point of view no matter who opposed, and before he had finished with Mr. Clark his antagonist always knew that he had been in a contest with one who never failed to follow the advice of Davy Crockett—first be sure you are right, then go ahead.

"This rule of Senator Clark's life was well evidenced in his long fight in behalf of the mutual policy holders of the Ætna Life Insurance Company.

"He won that fight after the most strenuous opposition ever encountered by any man in legislative halls and the courts of the state.

"He did not fight for fame, to gratify motives of personal hostility or for personal gain—he fought for what he believed to be right, to the end that right might prevail.

"He had strong convictions and never lacked courage to express them, defend them, press them to successful issue.

"Physically and mentally he was of the Lincoln type, quaint in some things, shrewd, a keen and accurate reader of human nature, a man who never made a false pretense, never sought advantages by misrepresentation or subterfuge of any kind.

"His battles were fought in the open—he fought hard but he fought fair.

"The state has lost one of its best citizens and honest men have lost a powerful friend."—*New Haven Leader.*

REMARKS OF ROB'T E. C. STEARNS

ON THE LATE

DAVID D. COLTON,

BEFORE THE

California Academy of Sciences,

AND RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

Monday, December 2nd, 1878.

Members of the Academy:

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, the duty was assigned to me, to prepare in its behalf an expression of the sense of its members, towards our recent colleague who within a brief period, has crossed that bridge of sighs, which spans the stream, whose shores are time and eternity.

It is natural and proper that we should pause in the presence of death,—that we should turn for an hour from our usual thought and ordinary avocations,—that we

should be sad and silent ourselves, before the solemnity of that profounder silence which pertains to the inevitable change, to which man, in common with all—must sooner or later yield, in obedience to that great and universal law of nature, which applies equally and impartially to the highest and to the humblest aspect of life,—to man, or bird, or flower,—to philosopher or savage.

The shadow which has so recently darkened our threshold, enfolded one whose manly form was crowned with a face, graced with that genial expression, indicative of a broad and generous nature, and of a heart whose pulsations were responsive, to the attractive currents of human sympathy.

His lips now fixed, "in cold obstruction's apathy," were wont to move with the spontaneous utterances of friendship, in cheerful salutation—were never sealed by the sodden reticence of suspicion or vanity, which hedges meaner men. Possessed of fortune, he made no vulgar parade of his wealth, nor flaunted its trumpery in the face of poverty. Frank, courageous and open, he carried with him an atmosphere exhilarating and refreshing, and within its influence, the tide of social feeling flowed unbroken on its way.

A self-reliant man, of strong and vigorous mind and action, involved in great affairs, and possessing the ability to manage them, he was free from that arbitrary spirit which oppresses or seeks to oppress others. Eminently practical, he had that native breadth of mind which led him to respect those student gleaners in the higher fields of abstract and speculative thought, who seek for knowledge in paths and by methods unknown to common men, where knowledge and the pleasure of its pursuit, are the only remuneration.

Unscientific, he still respected Science, and so, though borne onward unceasingly, upon the hurrying tide of his

own affairs, he came into our counsels to lend his special gifts, to aid us by his special knowledge and sagacity as a man of business, to assist in planting, broadly and deeply and substantially, a temporal foundation, fitted to receive and perpetuate the superstructure, which this society was organized to create and to sustain.

We recognize the spirit which led him to enter upon this service, and with gratitude we remember the services he rendered to the Academy. We shall miss him from his accustomed place in our counsels;—we shall miss his presence, for his personal and official relations and intercourse with his colleagues and fellow-members were so mingled and interwoven, as to be inseparable, and will long be remembered. As we think of him, living—with esteem, respect and with pleasure,—so in sadness we deplore his death and will cherish his memory.

The following resolutions as adopted by the Trustees, were submitted in their behalf and adopted by the Academy:

Resolved, That by the death of David D. Colton, recently President of the Board of Trustees of this Academy, the California Academy of Sciences has lost a most useful and honored member, whose services to the institution will be long and gratefully remembered.

Resolved, That in both his official and personal relations to the Academy and its members—and because of the general esteem in which he was held by the latter, we lament his death, as the loss of a tried and substantial friend.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered in the records of the Academy, and that a properly attested copy be sent to the family of our late associate.

C B

Dr. Harvey Willson Harkness

[illegible], Theodore Henry J

Born May 25, 1821
Died July 10, 1901

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
1905

H. W. Harkness

Harkness Memorial.

San Francisco, April 17th, 1905.

To the California Academy of Sciences:

Your Committee appointed "to prepare a suitable memorial of respect to the memory of Dr. H. W. Harkness, a former president of the Academy," respectfully begs leave to present the following.

Theodore H. Hittell,
Lucius H. Foote,
Committee.

In Memory of President Harkness.

In the death of Dr. Harvey Willson Harkness, who died in this city on July 10, 1901, at the age of a little over eighty years, this Academy lost one of its most active and efficient members. He belonged to that hardy race of men, now rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, known and famed as the California Pioneers. He was born on May 25, 1821, at the town of Pelham, Massachusetts, of American parents, who derived their descent from Scottish ancestors. Their means were limited and their family large; and Harvey, who was the seventh child, was, like the others, obliged during his youthful years to work upon the paternal farm in summer time, though in winter he found opportunity to attend the best public schools that were accessible and acquire the rudiments of a good education.

He early manifested a strong inclination for learning; but, on account of the position in life into which he was born, he was compelled to maintain a long and, it may be said, an almost desperate struggle against adverse circumstances, the results partly of poverty and partly of a hereditary tendency to the fell disease, consumption, which threw a shadow of melancholy over his disposition and left their scars upon his character. By care and energy and persistence, however, he triumphed in the struggle; and, having turned his attention to the study of medicine, he received his degree as a physician and surgeon at the Berkshire Medical College of Massachusetts in 1847, at the age of twenty-six.

The next year after his graduation, news reached the East of the discovery of gold in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, producing an unparalleled excitement throughout the country, particularly among young men of vigor and enterprise who were seeking a career; and the young doctor, the following spring, joined that mighty overland emigration that crossed the continent, making one of a party that started from Rock Island, Illinois, and reached California in October, 1849. He settled first at Bidwell's Bar and commenced there the practice of his profession; but in 1850 he moved to Sacramento, where he remained in busy and lucrative professional occupation for nineteen years. In 1854 he married Miss Amelia Griswold; but his wife died in less than a year after their union; and her loss left him with a still deeper tinge of melancholy than he had brought with him from his earlier life.

In 1869, at the age of forty-eight, he gave up regular business and retired with a well-earned competence. In the course of his residence at Sacramento he became acquainted and connected in friendly relations with the builders of the western half of the first Transcontinental Railroad; and the friendships, thus initiated, lasted during the lives of those of them who remained in California. On May 10, 1869, he assisted at the ceremony of laying the last rail at Promontory and was chosen to present, on behalf of the State of California, the golden spike used upon that occasion. After his retirement from practice, he spent most of his time in San Francisco, where he finally became a permanent resident; but in the meanwhile he made a number of visits to the Eastern States; four to Europe, and two to Egypt and Northern Africa. On November 17, 1869, he was present, as an invited guest of the Viceroy of Egypt, at the opening of the Suez Canal.

He took an early and active interest at Sacramento in the cause of the public schools and was elected in 1853 the first president of the Sacramento Board of Education. A memorial of his connection with the educational department there remains in the name of the Harkness Grammar School, which he did much to establish. He also devoted much time and study to science, but confined his attention more particularly to the lower cryptogamic plants, and chiefly to the fungi of the Pacific Coast. On September 4, 1871, he was elected a regular member of this Academy. In January, 1879, he was elected first vice-president and served for that year. In January, 1884, he was again elected first vice-president, and on the same day was chosen an honorary life member. In January, 1885, he was for the third time elected first vice-president, and at the end of that year nominated to fill the same office for 1886; but a contest took place, and he was defeated at the polls. In January, 1887, coming forward with greater strength, he was elected president; and he continued to fill that office, by repeated annual re-elections, for nine years and up to January, 1896.

As a member of the Academy, and especially after he became its president, he devoted most of his time to promoting its interests and the cause of science for which it was founded. He attended strictly to the duties of his office; was seldom absent from a meeting, and presided with dignity and decorum. Though he had little or nothing to do with the original donation of our great benefactor, James Lick, he had much to do in the economical administration of that benefaction; and he exerted considerable influence in securing the large and generous donations of Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, and Mrs. E. B. Crocker. It was almost, if not entirely, due to him that we received the liberal Pierce bequest and several others. The Academy is also indebted to him for its

large collection of fungi as well as many other of its valuable scientific stores.

It may justly be said of him that he was an active, efficient and devoted assistant of the Academy in its transition from its dark days to its flourishing condition; from its chrysalis state to its present prosperous activity. It was during his incumbency as president that this fine building, in which we meet, was designed, erected and dedicated as the home of science in this great metropolis of the Pacific Coast. He placed its corner-stone, and gratuitously labored with a sort of fatherly superintending interest over every part of its construction, watching with jealous inspection every brick that was laid and every trowel that was handled in its building. And when it was completed, it was he, more perhaps than any other, that directed and guarded the careful removal and transportation of its treasures from the dark, dingy, dusty and dilapidated old quarters on Dupont Street to the bright, airy and well-kept galleries above us.

For all this, and for many other acts of gratuitous attention, solicitude and devotion to its interests, both as a member and for many years its efficient president, the California Academy of Sciences owes to him a deep debt of gratitude.

Theodore H. Hittell.

Masonic Testimonial

from the Lodge of Santa Rosa, California,

to

Thomas Lake Harris,

their Prater in the Order of Knights Templar,

who

passed onward to the Higher Life.

Lodge of Santa Rosa, California

TRIBUTE TO

SIR THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

To the Eminent Commander, Generalissimo, Captain General, Officers, and Members of

SANTA ROSA COMMANDERY No. 14, K.T.

Your Committee heretofore appointed begs leave to report :—

Our beloved and most distinguished Frater, THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, was born May 25th, 1823, at Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire, England. He came to America, when about five years of age, with his parents, and for a time lived at Utica, New York. When only twenty-one years of age he became a lecturer and preached in New York City, having among the members of his congregation some of the brightest men America has ever produced. As a result of one of his eloquent and inspiring discourses, the New York Juvenile Asylum was established. He was succeeded by the noted divine, Edwin Hubbell Chapin. In 1859 he visited England, and lectured with much power and effect to large audiences in the large cities of Great Britain.*

* Some brief references to private persons here omitted by request.

Our Frater was an upright, generous, and holy man, possessed of the loftiest ideals, of a most kindly disposition, filled with magnetism and possessing great power of speech. The highest words of praise and encomiums have been written and published concerning him. William Howitt, the author and poet, wrote of him in *The Critic* in 1860: "I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished speaker . . . for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society." He had travelled much, read extensively, and was familiar with all of the best literature of all ages. He loved the good, the true, and the beautiful. He had a broad and comprehensive mind, and was a most pleasing, affable, and entertaining gentleman at all times. He possessed the powers set forth by the immortal dramatist when writing of one of the sovereigns of England:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all-in-all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear,
A fearful battle rendered you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

. . . . . .

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

This noted and gifted man and author founded Fountain Grove, near our City, in 1875. He was beloved by all who passed under the spell of his heavenly genius, and they all delighted to reverently call him "Father."

He was a most devoted member of our Order. He firmly believed and taught that Jesus is the Christ. He loved to speak of SANTA ROSA COMMANDERY and its members, and was always most pleased to entertain them.

On March 23rd, 1906, in New York City he "passed on" from the Finite to the Infinite—on to the beginning of true life, on to a larger growth and development of power. His passing was, in keeping with his entire life, peaceful and happy, his last words being, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"

His life teaches us:

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

RESOLVED, That SANTA ROSA COMMANDERY has been inspired and greatly benefited because of the membership of and association with SIR THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, and that the Commandery deeply and sincerely mourns his demise and extends to the widow and to all who call him "Father" its sincerest and profoundest sympathy.

RESOLVED, That this feeble tribute be spread upon a mourning page of the records of our Commandery, that it be printed, and a copy transmitted to the widow,

a copy to Fountain Grove, and a copy to each of the sister Commanderies of this Jurisdiction by our Recorder.

Respectfully and courteously submitted,

ALLISON BURR WARE,
JNO. TYLER CAMPBELL,
ALLAN L. BUSLEDAN
(Rector, Church of the Incarnation).
} *Committee.*

Dated, SANTA ROSA, CALIF.
July 4th, 1906.

Unanimously adopted.

Attest,
JAMES CLARK MAILER,
Recorder.

HERE IS THE ORIGINAL OF THE OFFICIAL SEAL OF THE LODGE.

REMARKS OF ROBERT E. C. STEARNS

ON THE LATE

PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY,

BEFORE THE

California Academy of Sciences,

MAY 20th, 1878;

AND

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ACADEMY,

June 17th, 1878.

Members of the Academy:—Death, which hath all seasons for its own, has just stricken from the roll of the living, one of the illustrious names of the century, a name eminent in intellectual, especially scientific circles, throughout the world. I refer, of course, to the late Prof. Joseph Henry, whose long life service to his country and to mankind as an educator and scientific investigator, and as the organizer and head of the Smithsonian Institution, placed him naturally, and justly, at the front, as the representative of science and scientific thought and culture in America—a position which he filled because of his high attainments, and the conspicuous nobility of his character, with exceeding credit to himself and to the manifest advantage of science and his country. A man of great, yet unassuming excellence, whosoever met him was at once impressed most favorably, by his quiet yet cordial greeting, his dignified, yet genial welcome. His native breadth of mind, his wide reading, correlated with and refined by an ample and generous philosophy, impelled him, even early in life, to regard not

tro Magnet as actuated by an *intensity* or a *quantity* battery.

2. As the first to apply the Electro-Magnet in the invention of an Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.

3. As the first to invent a Machine to be moved by Electro-Magnetism.

4. For the application of the Electro-Telegraph to forecasting the Weather.

5. For the Plan of the "Smithsonian Institution" for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, and the successful development of this Plan during an administration of more than thirty years as *Scientific Director* of this establishlishment.

6. For the improvement of "Fog Signals," in connection with the United States Light-house Board.

7. In addition to the foregoing, our colleague made important investigations and discoveries in Acoustics, in Capillary Attraction, in Radiant Heat, and in many other departments of physical science.

Resolved, Third; That it is a fortunate circumstance for American science, that a man of Professor Henry's pure and exalted character was so long in a position in which, by the force of his earnest and uncompromising determination, he saved the "Smithsonian Fund" from diversion and absorption in a Public Library, and from various other schemes, and succeeded in devoting it to the legitimate objects of the Testatator, viz. "*to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among mankind.*"

Resolved, Fourth; That it is equally fortunate for American science that the influence of the high scientific attainments no less than the rare personal qualities of our illustrious colleague at the seat of government, has done so much to arrest the tide of charlatanry and superficial half-knowledge, which threatens to overwhelm our country.

Resolved, Fifth; That a properly attested copy of these Resolutions, be sent to the honored widow of our deceased colleague.

John LeConte.
A. Kellogg
J. M. Stillman.
R. E. C. Stearns,
Of Special Committee.

1216

In Memoriam.

MOSES HELLER.

AN ADDRESS

BY

PAST GRAND MASTER LEONIDAS E. PRATT,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

The V.·. W.·. Bro. Moses Heller,

LATE GRAND TREASURER OF THE GRAND LODGE, F. & A. M.
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, 15th. October, 1885.

Brethren and Friends:—

In an elegant mansion on yonder eminence overlooking a goodly portion of your fair city, so near this Temple that the heart-throbs of its stricken inmates almost reach our ears, a widowed mother and her fatherless children have been groping through blinding tears to gather up the torn and severed tendrils of their own heart-strings. There the patriarchal chair is vacant—here the accustomed seat is unoccupied save by the habiliments of woe. There the dead idol of a sorrowing household—here the living memory of a good man and Mason. There a shattered fireside—here a fallen and broken column. There a deep and measureless sorrow, a sorrow so sacred that even our sympathy seems almost an intrusion—here the double burden of our own grief and the mingling echoes of their lamentations.

Moses Heller is dead! Dead, as the world phrases it, but, in fact, not dead—not even sleeping. True, the drapery of mortal flesh, in which for almost three score years and ten he had been imprisoned, has been laid aside. But that mortal drapery was not Moses Heller. The personality which, for more than twenty years, has lent us its counsels in this hall, still survives. Our own measured and muffled steps, the subdued and half whispered utterances which we hear, are our unconscious recognition of the fact that a living, though invisible, presence is still moving in our midst. Not dead! He still lives in the example which he has left to his children, and in the noble influence which he has exerted among us. He lives in the good which he has done, and in the kindness and charity which he has so unostentatiously administered. He lives in the lives of a score of young men who owe their every hope to him. He lives in the sweet and tender memory of all who knew him, and in the respect, the veneration, and the love of his Masonic household. Not dead, not sleeping, but still here!

At the very hour almost when you were gathering for your annual Grand Communication; at the very moment almost when you expected to meet and greet him as in years agone; without fear or dread, but calmly and serenely, like a tired child lying down to refreshing slumber, he laid his cares and toils aside and wafted away over the silent river to that unknown land which is the near destination of all of us who linger still behind him. And I am glad that the final messenger came as he did come—not through pain and conscious suffering, but with a touch as gentle as that of an angel; for we too would have suffered in knowing that Moses Heller was a sufferer.

I had the fortune, as I believe, to enjoy his confidence and respect. I was one of the few who reached the most secret chambers

of his heart and read his inmost character better even than he knew it himself. I know, therefore, whereof I am about to speak. I shall speak the truth only, and in this case the truth needs no embellishment.

Few men could bear as triumphantly as he did the crucial test of long and intimate acquaintanceship. The counterfeit, if neither challenged nor analyzed, may pass for the genuine. But the closest analysis left no tinge or discoloration on the reputation of our absent brother; and the unanswerable evidence as to the genuineness of his quality is in the fact that those of us who knew him best honored and loved him most.

Public life, in the popular acceptation of that term, had no charm for him. By his instincts he was a merchant—not a mere trader or speculator, or maker of corners in the market—but a merchant in the highest and best sense of that honorable title. At no time could a public office have been forced upon him, and we therefore know not what qualities he might have developed in such capacity. But in his own chosen sphere of action, as merchant and master of commerce; as neighbor, friend, and host; as citizen abroad and as husband and father in his home; as director and adviser in a score of monetary associations; and as the depository of a thousand personal trusts: in all these capacities his character was above reproach. His personal fidelity was a conspicuous element in his organization. Few men held so many sacred confidences; few men have ever been charged with so many private and personal trusts; but not one was ever neglected, compromised, or betrayed. To him, a trust, whether great or small, was a thing as sacred as the tombs of his fathers.

In business he was methodical, precise, and exacting, and in this he was right. Once or twice I have heard it vaguely intimated that he sometimes seemed harsh and oppressive to an unfortunate debtor.

If he ever seemed so it was because the facts of the particular case amply justified him. The foundations of his own fortune had been laid in persistent toil, hardship, and self-denial; and to him, naturally enough, toil, energy, and frugality were the avenues to success. He had no sympathy for the young man who leaned forever upon some one else, and who, without effort or sacrifice of his own, was waiting to be driven into fortune and success over some royal road. And still he was right. But I deny that he was ever unjust, and I assert that he was always generous when there was an occasion or a circumstance which called for generosity. The young man who was correct and prudent in his habits, firm in his integrity, willing to toil and eager to help himself, if unfortunate, was always met with a kind word and a helping hand. In all such cases MOSES HELLER was the first to say to his brother merchants—"This man has learned something now. He will make a success if we help him a little. It won't hurt us. Let us give him another chance." And so the young man was tided over his troubles and probably saved from despair and ruin. But of shams and frauds Bro. HELLER was intolerant to the last degree.

Of the extent of his daily benefactions, great and small, few men have any adequate conception. Trivial things, of frequent occurrence, indicate the true character of the individual more unmistakably than does one grand effort. The former are the quick fruits of a natural impulse; the latter is too often the result of vanity or ambition, or of a studied and selfish purpose to secure notoriety or renown. Let me illustrate. A hundred times on the streets of this city I have seen him hand a coin to some robust and stalwart beggar, and when I smiled as if in derision of his credulity, he answered—"I know what you think. But that man says he is hungry; how can I know? Probably he is an impostor; how can I tell? But I would rather be

imposed upon a thousand times than to think that one deserving man goes hungry because I refuse to give him a quarter of a dollar."

Suffering, in any creature, was a torture to him. I have seen his eyes moisten when a dog limped by him on a broken leg, moaning piteously as it tried to touch the earth with its wounded limb. And I have seen his indignation kindled to a fever heat at hearing of the ill-usage of a defenseless child. These things may seem to you like trifles, but they are none the less the keys which unlock one side of our lost brother's character, and reveal to us the humanity which warmed his heart.

Born a Jew, of the Jews, and proud of his lineage, as he deemed that he had a right to be, in his religion as in all things else he was loyal to the last. He died in the house of Israel and an ardent supporter of the Synagogue. But the humanity in him was too broad and catholic to be cramped or circumscribed by the precise letter of any articles of faith. Of wide and liberal views himself, while he was firm in his own faith he was tolerant of all others. In the practical affairs of life he did not stop to inquire too critically whether a fellow-being drew his inspiration from Sinai or Calvary, from Christ or from the Prophets who preceded him. Every man, whether Jew or Christian, he measured by the same unvarying standard—his own personal character and worth. In brief, the dominant factors in his religion, the factors which toned and tempered and guided his life, were faith in immortality, humanity towards all, and a confidence, sublime and never shaken, that in all things truth and justice would ultimately prevail. Men guided by such impulses cannot materially err.

Hypocrisy, fraud, or deceit never found a lodgment in his breast. I doubt if he ever got so far as to seriously ask his own conscience whether a given proposition would be right or wrong; for the mere fact that there was in it enough of doubt to evolve such a ques-

tion would, by his ethics, be sufficient to command its prompt and emphatic rejection. His social and domestic relations were unsullied. He kept his own fireside pure and spotless, and neither wife nor child could ask a question which he could not answer truthfully without a blush.

But the grand secret of all this manly and well rounded character —not so much the secret, perhaps, as the reason of it—is the fact that Moses Heller was a man of pure instincts and unblemished thoughts. There was no earthy residuum in his composition, no mean or groveling vein in his nature, but every aspiration was upward toward the higher and the better. On that broad basis he builded his character, and he builded better than he knew—better than we comprehended until we stood face to face with our irreparable loss.

And these elements of character, sustained and supplemented by a calm and patient devotion to whatever task or duty he had in hand, great or small, important or trivial, crowned his career with an enviable success. Let the young men who aspire to like fortune and success—the young men who are soon to become the merchant princes and commercial magnates of the land—let them study his character, imitate his virtues, and copy his example.

No, not dead, not even sleeping! There is a something in such men—call it soul, spirit, mentality, what you will—over which this thing which we call death has no power. Not dead! Such men pass away, but they do not perish.

What more, my brethren, shall I say? What more should be said? The esteem in which he was held by this Grand Body is best evinced by the fact that for eight successive years you elected him your Grand Treasurer, and on each occasion without one dissentient voice. Shall I turn to this bereaved and desolate family with some

additional assurance of our sympathy? They know already how deeply, during a quarter of a century, we have been attached to their lost one, and they know, without further utterance from us, that we have made their sorrows ours.

Here, then, rest! Oh friend and brother of mine; oh worn and wearied toiler, rest! Rest, enshrined in the hearts and rich in the sweet memories and tender love of your sorrowing brethren. Rest, until the voices of the many whom you have lifted from despair can be heard. Rest, until the prayers of the widows and orphans who have leaned upon your arm and been redeemed by your benefactions shall reach the ear of the Infinite God! Rest! rest! assured of the final greeting of the All-Righteous Judge—Well done, oh good and faithful servant; welcome, thrice welcome to the Mansions of thy Father!

In Memoriam.

Samuel J. C. Swezey.

Died, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

SUNBEAM GALLERY, 31 Third St. J. C WILLIAMS, Artist.

MEMORIAL

TO A

DEPARTED FRIEND,

FROM

BACON & COMPANY

AND

JAMES E. GORDON.

FUNERAL

OF

Elder Samuel J. C. Swezey,

AT

Howard Presbyterian Church,

OCTOBER 24TH, 1877.

ADDRESS OF THE PASTOR

Rev. A. S. Fiske.

"He, being dead, yet Speaketh."

Funeral Address.

Samuel I. C. Swezey was born into the home of a Presbyterian minister in central New York, October 6th, 1831. He graduated at the New York State Normal School, at Albany; studied law in New York City, and was there admitted to the bar. He did not, however, enter the practice of his profession, but accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Alabama, then the leading educational institution of the southwest. Thence, he came to this coast in 1862, taking charge of the Citizens' Gas Company, until that corporation was consolidated with others. He then became connected with the Pacific Rolling Mills, where, for the last twelve or thirteen years, as Secretary and Treasurer, he has been a model of the faithful, assiduous and effective man of business.

For four years he was a member of the State Board of Education; a position for which, by his experience, training and tastes, he was excellently fitted. He has been for many years a Director of the Odd Fellows' Savings Bank of this city. In this position, as in all others, faithful, sound and efficient.

For many years, he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Home Missionary enterprise on this coast, and as such had a large and helpful influence in setting up the standards of the Cross in all these

regions. Many a struggling church, many a perplexed and needy minister, has occasion to remember his wisdom and sympathy; his prompt and kind aid: aid that never waited for money in the society's treasury, but came oftener from his own resources. His accounts and reports are always spoken of in Presbytery and Synod as the perfection of clearness, accuracy and inspiration.

He was an Odd Fellow, of some high grade in that beneficent Order.

Upon his arrival here he connected himself with this church, then worshipping at the corner of Jayne and Natoma streets, in the wooden building now used by a Hebrew congregation on Mission street, near the Mint. He was soon ordained an Elder, being, at the time of his death, senior member of the Session, and having acted for many years as its clerk. The annual reports of Session from his hand to the church, have been papers full of vitality and of tender interest, illuminated here and there by touches of quiet humor in which his very face will smile out at us for many a year.

He has been for ten years Superintendent of the Sabbath School. He was made for the work. I have never known a man in that position quite so quiet, thorough, wise and useful. He moved his school like a perfect piece of machinery, running noiselessly, but with a mighty heart-throb: there, as elsewhere, the embodiment of system and order. He abhorred sensationalism and noise in Sabbath School as elsewhere. He grouped his teachers, and drew them closely about himself, and kept them in thorough sympathy with each other, and kindled in them a most

hearty love and enthusiasm for their work. The corps d'esprit he kept full and high. The teachers' meeting, never intermitted, was a source of power and delight; its exact like I have never seen: free—full of flashes of playful humor, of earnest inquiry and of the spirit of work. His plan of organization is well worth the study of any superintendent in the land. The children loved and trusted him. His genial face smiled down on them like a benediction from some far hight. Parents confided in him. He stood for good, honest, wise work. It is my belief that the school, now that he has gone from its desk forever, will need but to move on in the lines he has so deeply marked—on the system he has so definitely laid—to abide in effectiveness and power.

Friends: not one of you but feels the repression and the inadequacy of this bare outline of the things he was set to do here. It cannot show you the man as we knew him, loved him, and shall ever long for him. Yet I have been cautioned by her whose word ought to weigh with me to-day, concerning his modest dislike of eulogy. But what can I do? I can find in him nothing to blame! Faults, no doubt he had; but I never knew a man in whom they were more difficult to discover, or in whom, when discovered, they were of so gracious a sort. And then I know that his great heart, on earth or in heaven, does rejoice in every token of love. That is the token I would lay amid all these wreaths and crowns upon his breast to-day.

This friend of ours, who lies here so quiet to-day, always was a quiet man. He never made a useless noise. He never spoke a useless or an idle word. He spoke humorously, wisely, tenderly, helpfully, grandly;

but would not speak enough. In public and in private, we always wanted more of that goodly sort. He loved too well to hear, and let others speak. He would not noise himself abroad enough. There was not one word superfluous in his vocabulary. He always spoke with a grave deliberation, and his word was always a word of fitness and of weight; his character and exact thought was in it; and his speech alway allured speech and thought in others. Who does not recognize the charm of that quality? I cannot but revere and love a man in a noisy and superficial time, who does always more than he says, and who is one thousand times the volume of his utterances. He might, may be, have gone into wider spheres, and might have done more notable things, had he been less a quiet, modest silent man. But, after all more of din would have been less admirable: and who would have lost him out of the sphere he crowded so full, for any wider one?

He was a man, conservative and orderly in all things; strong enough, with culture, mental power and moral force enough, to have been a crashing radical, overturning things, and settting them off in bursts of flurry, sensation and enthusiastic disorder. He might so have won admiration, applause, notoriety; but he dearly loved the old places, the old ways, the orderly paths, the things time had sanctioned and the common sense of the world approved. Who shall say that this is not the very quality needed in a young and headlong region like this, in which his later years were passed? I think God set him in the midst of things for anchorage.

He had this fault; I will not hide it, I could not if I would, I would not if I could; his generosity, his unselfishness, were too absolute. He could not con-

sider his own resources or his own interest, in the face of any troubled man or any worthy cause. His own rights he never felt bound to respect. His great heart was forever going out in helpfulness to something or somebody. His hand was forever going into his pocket for something or somebody, and the coins *he* gave never jingled for the ears of the curious, that men might know and praise him. Many a poor man or woman carries a debt of gratitude to him for help in their need; and many a perplexed business man owes him a debt of life-long gratitude for voluntary proffers of help in tight and hopeless places. What many a struggling church, and many a needy minister, owe him for aid in time of need, I have chanced to learn something, though not from his lips. What this church owes him for contributions for many a year, past his right to give, is known to but a handful, even of its own membership. "I never knew a man who, in these generosities of every sort, so wholly ignored himself," said to me, the other night, a man of this church, who has known him intimately from the day of his advent on this coast. I adopt that statement as my own; and there is no man, who knows him well, who will not indorse it. His like, in that regard, I have never known. His generosity was bigger than his body, or his estate. It was great to a fault. Nevertheless, was not his fault admirable; admirable in a greedy, grasping and covetous time? Were there more like him, that fault would not be so perilous. Would to God there were more of his resemblance in this world! Men would be lovelier and life more gracious.

He was a true, unswerving man; persistent, and immovable as the hills. He saw things clearly, took his

positions deliberately, with an absolute mental and moral honesty, and was governed by his convictions wholly. He could not be a traitor or a shirk. His word, I presume no man, living or dead, ever doubted. His business or his social integrity, no decent man or woman ever breathed a suspicion on. To a cause he was wholly loyal; to a friend he could not prove false; to a pledge he was perfectness; of exact truth; you could never be in doubt where to find him; others might shuffle, blow hot, blow cold, he did not blow at all, but stood, worthy to be trusted. His great foot down was the anchorage of stability. He could not be a waiter on tides or a watcher of the winds. His mental and moral honesty held him true as steel to any espoused creed, cause or man; yet he had no irrational and perverse obstinacy of his opinion; there was nothing of the dogged about him, and nothing of the domineering temper. A faithful persistency in well-doing, and a catholic tolerance of the opinions and preferences of others, characterized him. This fixity of him, stability, is a quality as rare as it is noble. Over against a whimsical, capricious enthusiasm and fickleness, which curses this time and coast, let this stalwart figure of a man who knew his own mind and held it four-square forever, stand an instruction and a rebuke.

He was a brave and cheery man: his face always had a bright light in it. Difficulty and hindrance did not daunt nor quell him, nor suppress his quiet inward and outward cheer. He just moved on to whatever in the future, with a high heart of trust in the right, in God and in man. I never saw him despondent, even when interests dear to him as those of his church were in deepest peril. He knew that he meant to do his ut-

termost and best; he believed other men would, and that God would see to results. He had always a good strong word, a confident hope, an assured spirit. The bright side, the hopeful side, was always in sight for him. So there was no circle in which he moved, no interest in which he was concerned, in which he was not the helper of brave endeavor, and of strong good cheer.

As a Christian he was a strong *believer*—a Christian on principle, every day; a serene, a steady, a happy man. He was Presbyterian to the core; but liberal, fraternal, and catholic in all his sympathies. A man of peace, though standing mightily always for the right, as he could see it. In it all he made no noisy demonstration. He never bubbled out and over. He loved order and quiet, of course. His tastes and his convictions were for the staid and quiet; for the ripe, full and rich in utterance; for the established and approved in form; for growth, rather than outburst; for the rational, rather than the emotional; for the solid, rather than the sensational. He loved the House of God. It was to him the world's sacred and joyful place. He was never absent from its service, and his face was wont to glow with the great and sweet content of it. He loved the place of social prayer, and was always in it. None of us will forget his corner in the chapel, nor his great and genial face and figure as he filled it; nor the sweet, and solemn, and tender utterance of his prayer, which often closed our evening meetings. Of his own experience in Christ his words were few, but out of it his prayers were very rich. A friend told me yesterday that he once said to her: "I do love my Lord very dearly." His whole

bearing was that of loyalty to the Master, and he was the personal helper of many a soul's progress into the better and higher life, in Christ. Of this I know by ample testimony.

His last attendance in this loved place, whither we have brought him now, was at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the Saturday preceding, as the friends were decorating it with flowers, they remember how he came in, and stretched himself in a cushioned pew, saying: "I am sick." The next day he stood wearily in the desk of his Sunday School; and coming into the church, did not serve at the table, but sat there in his pew, and said, as his body trembled with its chills: "I feel very wretchedly." He took the elements of the blessed Supper; said to me after: "It has been a very sweet service"; went feebly home; fought bravely and cheerfully his insidious and unsuspected disease; sat at his desk in his office even as late as a week ago this hour; fell into unconsciousness on Saturday, and breathed out his last faint moan and fluttering breath on Monday morning, waking, I have no doubt, in exceeding wonder, in the glories of the life to come! His great frame was built for a hundred years of work. He let go life as quietly as an infant, without one muscular quiver. His death came as an astonishment to us all. We had not thought he could die without a longer fight. We had little thought of his falling now. But to-day we come, with tears from our very hearts, to lay his beloved body in the tomb. The spirit has gone to God, who gave it. The beloved Lord has taken to himself his own. "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Gentlemen of the Bank of which he was a director: In the discharge of your great and your sacred trusts, in these days when infidelity in like trusts, and recklessness in their administration, are so common, hold yourselves to as sturdy an integrity as that which he exemplified; and the curse of the widow, the orphan, and the homeless will never rest upon you. Take, I pray you, for safeguard here and glory hereafter, the same Christly faith which played so great a part in the establishment of the character which you admired in Mr. Swezey.

Gentlemen of the Odd Fellows: If your order be characterized by the generosity, and charity, and purity which were illustrious in your departed brother, it is worthy of all praise, and serves great uses. I entreat you, also, take thought how death came to the strongest of you, in the very fullness of his maturity; how it came wholly without warning; for he did not know himself seriously ill when consciousness left him. How very sad would have been the service of to-day, were we not so sure that he was all ready at any hour when the unexpected summons should come. Think on these things. And be ye, therefore, also ready. Recklessness of eternal things is not manly. This Christian brother was a manly man, all the more that he was a Christian man. His voice, from the casket there, is to plead with you for your souls and his Christ. Heed him! "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

You who were in business with him mourn him as a friend beloved. Take ye, too, the lesson of this hour. This man could be ill spared. God took him in the fullness of his powers. The stroke has come very close. The warning is sharp. "In such an hour as

ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Get your houses in order, your busines in readiness. Handle affairs as if to-day might be the last. Order your souls as if Christ might come in the midst of any day's work. Let your work be for God, and your lives faced out for immortality.

Children of the Sunday School: He loved you, gave for you thought, prayer and great work, that you might be Christ's; might live for Him here; meet him by and by in glory. Do not disappoint him. He will meet you there with more than his old smile of welcome. Give to his Christ your heart. Be ready for the heavenly home.

Teachers: You who grouped yourselves so closely, affectionately, and in such confidence about his great heart; in his name, I pray you, use triple diligence, now, that his work be wholly fruitful on all souls, through all the years. His mantle falls on you: be yours a double portion of his spirit.

Trustees of this Church, with whom he served so long and so well: Hold a loyalty to it, and to its interests, as grand and as self-sacrificing as his.

Brothers of the Session: Take all, now, a new and higher consecration to Christ and to his Church than in all the past; a zeal and faith that shall know no quelling.

Oh, Church of Christ! This Church of Christ; loved of him as church has rarely been loved by any man! A strong pillar has gone from your frame-work; a stately and commanding tower is riven from your structure. But the chief corner-stone, Christ Jesus, is unmoved. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Give yourselves

wholly to Christ. Betake yourselves anew to imploration of the Divine Spirit for aid and guidance, lest we suffer sore shock from this fall. God hath done this thing. He is mighty. He is wise. He is full of love. O, let him teach us his will.

Friends, I know how bleak are all these words of mine to-day; how inadequate. This man had a strong way of setting himself into the very hearts of those who came to know him well. He was one who just needed to be known in order to be loved. My own soul is in very deep affliction. Scarce a man out of all the world could have died, to grieve me as this man's death has. He has been a friend to me true as steel. To me, as to many more of us, this is a lonesome coast to-day; and I cannot trust my voice to speak my heart, or yours. I would rather sit down there, and let some man who loved him a little less stand up here. To God with your sorrows, oh, my soul! oh, friend! oh, wife! The Spirit is called the Comforter. Try the truth of that blessed name. The Christ says: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden." Try his verity.

Nevertheless, I glory in the cross of Christ this day. I exult in the Redeemer of men. I look up to the holy Heaven. I look on to the glad immortality, upon which this friend has entered; away from these mortal remains to the glorified soul; away from these funereal ceremonies to those resplendent courts; away from your tears to the songs he has joined; away from your assembly to the glorified and beloved in Heaven. The day cometh when we all, who followed him in so far as he followed Christ, shall touch the hands outstretched to us from Heaven; the hands of the beloved, and the waiting to welcome us, and to lead us to the gracious

Lord, the Heavenly Father, and the heavenly Home prepared for us. That will be our day of joy. Till then, wait and work, and live for Christ: and die in Him, to live again with the blessed and the glorified forever.

O! my Brother! farewell! now, with tears and longing. A brief separation; a glad reunion in the life eternal, on the happy shores thy feet are treading. Adieu! Adieu, for the day and a night. Adieu, till TO-MORROW, and DAY DAWN!

"I heard a Voice from Heaven saying unto me: 'Write; Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea,' saith the Spirit, 'that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

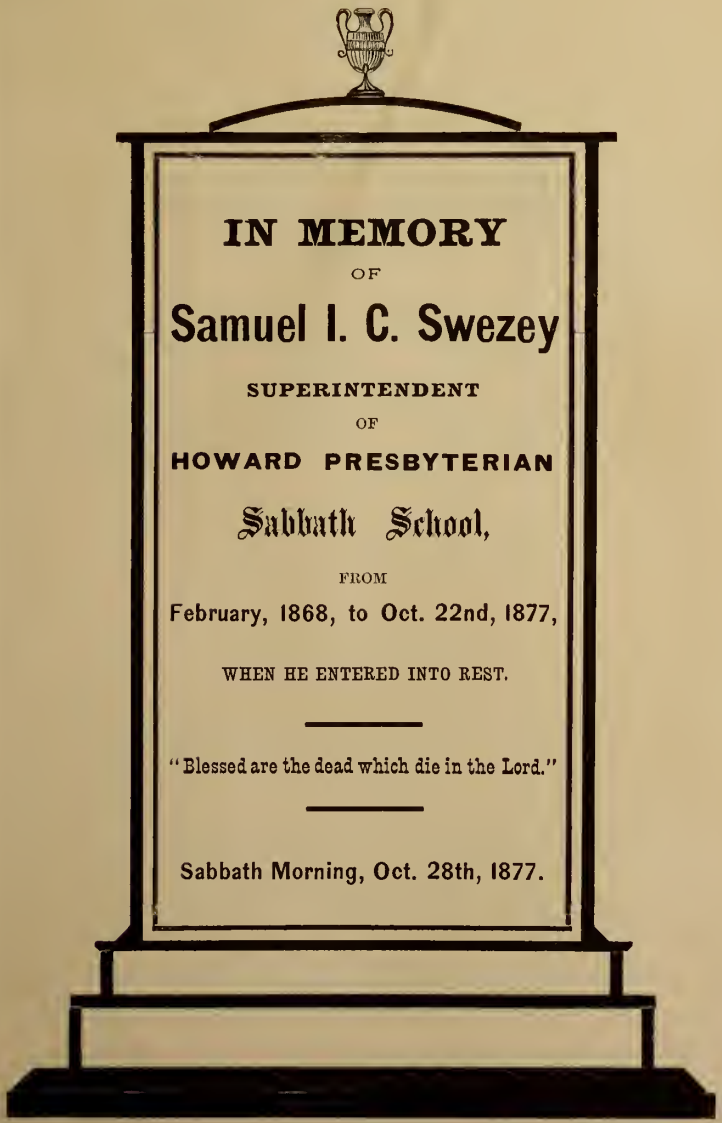
ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

Sabbath School Service

HELD

Sunday Morning, Oct. 28th, 1877.



IN MEMORY

OF

Samuel I. C. Swezey

SUPERINTENDENT

OF

HOWARD PRESBYTERIAN

Sabbath School,

FROM

February, 1868, to Oct. 22nd, 1877,

WHEN HE ENTERED INTO REST.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Sabbath Morning, Oct. 28th, 1877.

Memorial Service.

SILENT PRAYER.

"Sorrow Vanquished! Labor Ended! Jordan Past!"

"On Sunday, October 7th, he was in his accustomed place, and on Monday, of last week, the Dear Lord made known his will for him to be henceforth with Him forever."

HYMN.—"Only here for a little while."

Heavenly Promises.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.
If we be dead with him, we shall also live with him.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again,
Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

I will behold thy face in righteousness.
I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

In thy presence is fullness of joy,
At thy right hand there are pleasures forever more.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
For thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Death is swallowed up in victory:
Oh death, where is thy sting?
Oh grave, where is thy victory?
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

HYMN.—"Waiting by the silent river,
Lord, I watch and pray."

Heavenly Character.

The path of the just is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

They that be wise shall shine as the firmanent,
And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favour rather than silver and gold.

HYMN.—"The Bright Forever."

His Character.

Thou hast professed a good profession before many witnessess.
Thou hast been a strength to the poor.
A strength to the needy in his distress.
A refuge from the storm, a shelter from the heat.

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.
He is entered into his rest, he has ceased from his works.

He shall receive the crown of Life,
Which the Lord hath promised to those that love Him.

HYMN.—"One by one we cross the river."

ADDRESS - - - - - REV. A. S. FISKE.

HYMN.—"I know not the hour
When my dear Lord will come."

He being dead, yet speaketh.

Let not your hearts be troubled.
In my Father's house are many mansions.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these,
Ye have done it unto me.

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God,
And patient waiting for Christ.

The very God of Peace sanctify you wholly,
And I pray God your whole spirit and soul be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Amen.

HYMN.—"Fade, Fade each earthly Joy,
Jesus is mine."

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

"Is it nothing to you all, ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto our sorrow, which is done unto us."

SPECIAL MEETING

Board Trustees Howard Presbyterian Society,

October 24th, 1877.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in his inscrutable wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved President and brother, SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, the Howard Presbyterian Society has sustained an irretrievable loss; his wonderful executive ability, earnest purpose, strong faith, and determined will eminently fitting him for his duties as its presiding officer. The cause of Christ had in him a most zealous and faithful follower, and mainly to his untiring attention to its financial interests, sparing neither his time or money, are we indebted, as a church, for our present existence, as well as for our influence for good in the past.

Resolved, That in tendering to his bereaved companion our tender and heartfelt sympathy in the hour of her trial, we would not mourn as those without hope, but rejoice that his exemplary life, and trust in the Divine Redeemer, gave full assurance of a happy entrance to that rest prepared for those who love the Lord.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society, and also forwarded to his bereaved wife.

JAMES PATERSON,
JAMES E. GORDON, } Committee.

Action of Session.

It hath pleased the Heavenly Father to take to the Heavenly Home our (to Him and to us) beloved SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY.

We thank HIM for the noble and Christian life He gave our brother grace to live on earth.

We thank HIM for the great and singular services He enabled him to render, through so many years, to this Church as an Elder in the charge of its spiritual interests; as Clerk of its Session; as President of its Board of Trustees; as Superintendent of its Sunday-School; as a brother in all things true and faithful.

We thank HIM that we have been permitted to know so closely and to love so well one so true and strong and good.

We thank HIM that we may rejoice in so delightful a certainty that our brother is now blessed in the Heavenly House, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We thank HIM that we have the glorious hope to meet him again in the bliss eternal, in the presence of our blessed Lord, and in the fellowship of all the redeemed.

We thank HIM that a lonely wife knows how to find in Christ, *her* "DEAR LORD," the strength which (and which alone) can save her from brokenness of heart, and whole brokenness of life.

May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God the Father, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with her and with us all, now and forever. Amen.

A. S. FISKE, Pastor.

E. R. HAWLEY,
CHAS. N. FISH,
WM. A. MEEKER,
WALES L. PALMER,
GEO. MCDONALD,

Session of Howard Presbyterian Church.

Resolutions of the Sunday-School Teachers.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased our Heavenly Father, in his inscrutable and all-wise providence, to remove from us in the prime of life and maturity of his manhood our beloved Superintendent, SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY, so long and intimately connected with us in all our Sunday-School work and relations; and

WHEREAS, we, the teachers of the Howard Presbyterian Church Sunday-School, in order to give expression in some degree to the respect, esteem and love we bore for him, in meeting assembled, do now therefore resolve as follows:

Resolved—That in the death of SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY, our Sunday-School sustains an irreparable loss; that, as a Sunday-School superintendent, so far as our knowledge goes, he had no superior and few equals; that, in his methodical, just, and unobtrusive way of management, our school has been a model, not only in the deportment of teachers and scholars, but we believe also in the more important aim and end of all Sunday-School teaching, viz: instruction in the word of God, and imparting the knowledge of divine truth to the minds of the young, with the object of their salvation through Christ our Redeemer.

Resolved—That in his removal from our midst, we have lost a friend, a counsellor, a brother; one endeared to us by many acts of kindness and disinterested friendship; one faithful to all the duties of his office, even at self-sacrifice; never fainting or faltering under discouragement, but always encouraging and speaking words of help to those in need of it; and proving a beautiful example to all in the fidelity with which he discharged his labors, as well as in his friendship and love for all the teachers of his school.

Resolved—That whilst we grieve and mourn his loss in all our life-relations with him, yet we rejoice in his memory—in the knowledge of his beautiful, consistent, and earnest Christian life; in the pleasant intercourse we have had with him, and in the glorious hope of meeting him again in the presence of our blessed Saviour and Lord, whom he so faithfully served, and whose also we shall be, if we be found faithful unto death.

Resolved—That we tender to Mrs. Swezey our heartfelt sympathy in this sore trial and bereavement, and commend her to the grace and comfort of our loving Saviour.

Resolved—That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the records of the Sunday-School, and that Mrs. Swezey be also presented with a copy thereof.

SPECIAL MEETING

Board of Directors Odd Fellows Savings Bank,

October 23rd, 1877.

WHEREAS, This Board has learned with deep regret of the sudden death of SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY, a valued member of the Directory of this Bank; therefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Directors hereby express their sympathy and regret for the loss that his family has sustained by his untimely demise.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the deceased, this Board attend the funeral in a body, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

A. BLOCK, President.
JAS. BENSON, Secretary.

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Col. Fred. G. E. Tittel.

E. WITT & SNELLING
BOOKSELLE

Memorial Tribute

To

Col. Fred. G. E. Tittel,

(Deceased)

BY A FRIEND.

Col. Fred. G. E. Tittel.

THE recent death of Col. TITTEL, whose remains were borne to their final resting place by the fraternity of the Ancient Order of Druids, and interred with military honors on Sunday last, requires something more than a mere passing notice, which would soon pass into silent forgetfulness.

California is justly proud of her pioneers, who laid the foundations of her noble State and planted the seat of empire upon the golden sands that are washed by the waves of the almost boundless Pacific. The Veterans of the Mexican War, who carved this territory from the broad domain once owned by Spain and the Mexican Republic, were among the first to seek and reap the fruits of their victorious arms which compelled a peace, and, by magnanimous treaty with the conquered foe, paid with gold as well as blood for this fair land, now reclaimed from wild beast and savage, and dotted with prosperous cities and towns, and hundreds of thousands happy homes. Among these Veterans of the Mexican War and Pioneers, was the subject of our sketch, who was personally and intimately the friend of the writer, who first became acquainted

with Col. TITTEL in the City of New York in the month of February, 1846. At that time he was but a mere boy, who had immigrated with his father to the United States, from Germany, and who at that time could talk but little English. The threatened war with Mexico, which broke out into open hostilities on the 8th and 9th of May following, with successful results in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, roused the whole nation to arms which had been at peace with all other nations for a period of 32 years.

The writer left New York to join Worth's Division under Taylor early in the Spring, and parted with Col. TITTEL, who had enlisted then as a fifer in the regular service. In July, 1846, he was assigned to Co. F, 3d U. S. Artillery as a musician, in the same Company to which Lieuts. Wm. T. Sherman, E. O. F. Ord and Henry Wager Halleck were assigned, and who have since risen to such high distinction and honor in the annals of their country's history, as successful Generals in the late Civil War.

In January, 1847, this Company of Artillery landed at Monterey, the then Capital of California, which was then in possession of our navy, and protected by the guns of the U. S. Vessels of War in the harbor, to which the Officers and Crews retired, upon turning over the command to the troops who were the first of the U. S. Army to land in California. Three months afterwards, Col. Jonathan

D. Stevenson arrived and landed with the Second New York Regiment of Volunteers.

At the close of the war in 1848, after Col. Tittel's term of service had expired, he, with Mr. Reid, and many others, tried his fortune in the gold mines, and was particularly successful on account of good fortune combined with indomitable perseverance and untiring industry. He obtained by his labors a very large amount of gold dust, with which he assisted his father in the improving of property held by him, acquired in this city, as well as his own, and was in a great measure, as expressed by those who knew him intimately and well, the founder of the fortunes of the Tittel family.

From the very beginning, Col. TITTEL was identified with the National Guard of the Territory, and long before California became a State. Col. TITTEL, with the writer and other Veterans of the Mexican War, uniting in the first public celebration of the Fourth of July in San Francisco, in 1850, when the first independent uniformed military company--the "California Guard"—appeared on parade in this City. That company was the nucleus around which gathered other organizations, whose very names are forgotten and obliterated from the long roll of those who have been "mustered out."

In 1856, Col. Tittel was commissioned by Gov. Johnson as a Lieutenant, and served under his

former officer, Wm. T. Sherman, who had been appointed Major-General of the State Militia by the same authority, during the Vigilance Committee times in San Francisco, but following the example of his superior, he resigned. Subsequently, he was commissioned a Captain of the Fusileers, a company composed chiefly of German citizens, and which, under his command, attained to a high degree of military efficiency and discipline, and became one of the organizations of the National Guard, of which San Francisco had reason to be justly proud. The careful study and constant practice of military tactics, and the attention which he gave to his company, prepared the way to a higher grade of command, when the late civil war broke out, and when California's destiny was suspended in the balance of political as well as military strife. The loyal German element in San Francisco was ready to perform its duty at all costs in preserving peace and maintaining the honor and integrity of the Nation, and believed in no segregation or secession from the Union, under a new and strange flag to be known as the ensign of "The Pacific Republic," the abortion of disappointed political aspirants, who sympathized with the rebellion of the Southern States. A regiment composed of loyal naturalized Germans was promptly organized, and by the general and almost unanimous vote of all, FRED. G. E. TITTEL was elected as its Colonel, and was com-

missioned by the Governor. The moral effect of this strong citizen military force ready for action and duty, helped to preserve the peace, and held California in the Union, and the service of Col. TITTEL, with hundreds and thousands of others, were appreciated at the time, though they may have become forgotten now.

Col. TITTEL was the intimate friend of the late General Halleck, and at one time honorably and faithfully represented his constituency in the Legislature of California, as Assemblyman from the City and County of San Francisco. During his legislative term of office, a military bill drawn up by the late General Halleck was introduced by Col. TITTEL, and afterwards (if I am not mistaken), became the law of the State. Gen. Halleck was its author, but Col. TITTEL's connection with it caused it to be generally known as "Tittel's Military Bill." He also, at one time, was elected to and filled the position of an honorable member of the Board of Supervisors of this city, and was faithful to its interests, reflecting credit and honor upon his station.

COL. TITTEL was a good citizen, a true and loyal patriot to his adopted country; a kind husband and an affectionate father; a firm, faithful, true and unwavering friend, of strong will, and governed by the noblest impulses; prudent, careful and honorable in his dealings with all men—a mean thing he could

not do. His sense of justice and right, with a will to act accordingly, caused him to judge relative, friend or foe alike in all his dealings with those with whom he was brought in contact or with whom he had to do. He had his faults like other men. Coming to our shores when a mere lad and unable to speak our tongue. Enlisting while a mere boy in the U. S. Army, and sent on a long voyage around Cape Horn to California, then a comparative wilderness. No opportunity of acquiring an education or attending school. Occasionally getting a little instruction from Sherman, Ord and Halleck while on board ship, and what little else he was able to pick up from his fellow comrades of the rank and file while in the army in the humble capacity of a musician. A public free school as a scholar he knew nothing of. He delved and labored, and, as it were, literally dug out his education from the hard cemented adobe cracked soil of California, and developed into manhood surrounded by circumstances the most untoward and difficult almost that can be conceived, with almost everything to corrupt and blunt his moral and better nature on every hand. Surely and truthfully may it be said that he was a "self-made man." He was charitable and kind to his native countrymen who were less fortunate than himself. To avarice he was a stranger. He was a true pioneer and a whole-souled Californian; but, above all, he was a sterling patriot soldier-citizen and

an American in the fullest sense of the term. He died a brave, true man; he was borne to his final home and consigned to his tomb with the respect and tribute and military honors due to his memory. His loss will be mourned by many and those who knew him best and well.

San Francisco was but a miserable hamlet surrounded by hills and dunes of drifting sands, and California a howling wilderness when he came, and the military power the only dispenser of civil law. He helped to build this great metropolis of the Pacific Coast and to found a State, and in the prime of his manhood he leaves the labors of his hands and the results of the best efforts of his intellectual powers, and warm heartedness behind, that others may enjoy the fruits of the tree, whose seeds were planted and were watered by his hands.

The honored name of "California Pioneer" will shine with greater lustre on the golden tablet set with gems of the long list of the illustrious men who have joined that "innumerable caravan" who have gone before.

So, then, rest in honor and in peace, while we pay this poor tribute to thy praise, and lay this chaplet on thy tomb.

THY FRIEND.

San Francisco, November 1st, 1877.

[Reprinted from
JOURNAL OF THE ASSOCIATION OF ENGINEERING SOCIETIES,
Vol. XXIV, No. 3, March, 1900.]

Harry Herbert Hirst.

By

H. I. Randall and Frank Soulé,

Members of the Committee, Technical Society of the Pacific Coast.

HARRY HERBERT HIRST.

Late member of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast
Died December 23, 1899.

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[Reprinted from the JOURNAL OF THE ASSOCIATION OF ENGINEERING SOCIETIES by permission of the Board of Managers.]

Harry Herbert Hirst.

BY H. I. RANDALL AND FRANK SOULÉ, MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE, TECHNICAL SOCIETY OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

AFTER a lingering illness of several months' duration, and poor health extending over several years' time, Harry Herbert Hirst passed from this life on December 23, 1899.

Although the seriousness of his last illness was realized by his friends, still, when the end came, his death cast a cloud of sadness over the community in which he lived.

He was born May 1, 1873, and therefore at the time of his death was in his twenty-seventh year.

After preparation in the San Francisco Boys' High School, he entered the University of California in August, 1892, and four years later was graduated with the degree of B.S. from the College of Civil Engineering, being awarded at the same time the university medal annually bestowed upon "the most distinguished graduate of the year."

As a university student he excelled not only in his studies, but also in the active interest he took in student affairs. In his senior year he was president of his class, president of the Associated Students and editor of one of the college papers; and during his entire undergraduate life he was an active and influential member of the Sigma Nu fraternity.

His professional career, although not extended, gave promise of being a very able, useful and honorable one. Before entering

the university he had been assistant engineer to the Grant Brothers of the Borrega Land Association in connection with various enterprises. At the University of California his marked ability was early recognized, and even before graduation, in his senior year, he was appointed assistant in surveying and field practice. In May, 1898, he was promoted to be instructor in civil engineering at the university. This position he held at the time of his death, although absent on his year's leave of absence on account of illness. In September, 1899, he was commissioned by the Bureau of Irrigation of the United States Department of Agriculture to investigate the water supply and irrigation question in Southern California. On account of ill-health he was unable to carry out this last work.

He was a member of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast from February 5, 1896, until the time of his death.

Mr. Hinds was gifted with a winning personality, an exceptionally manly character and a genial disposition, which won for him many friends, while his strong, original mind, and diligent, systematic work caused him to be held in high estimation by those who knew him professionally.

In his death the Technical Society has lost one of its youngest, but one of its most promising members.

RANDELL HUNT.

Died January 24, 1898.

A Memoir.

BY

G. W. PERCY, C. E. GRUNSKY, and OTTO VON GELDERN,

Committee of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast.

RANDELL HUNT.

Late Member of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast.

Randell Hunt.—A Memoir.*

By G. W. Percy, C. E. Grunsky and Otto von Geldern, Committee of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast.

Died January 24, 1898.

Randell Hunt, member Technical Society of the Pacific Coast, was born in New Orleans, October 30, 1856.

He graduated at Yale with degrees in engineering and philosophy. After leaving college, his first practical experience was gained in connection with the New York public parks.

In 1878 he established an office in Dakota, and identified himself thoroughly with the principal engineering works of the then very active and prosperous West. As a specialty, he devoted himself to bridge structures and foundations, and all through his professional career these were the particular branches in which he excelled and with which his name became prominently connected. Until 1883 he remained in Dakota, with the exception of a period in 1879, when he was attached to the Mississippi River Commission as hydraulic engineer in the investigations of that great waterway.

From 1883 until 1888 he was located at St. Paul, Minn., and employed as constructing engineer by the Chicago, Burlington and Northwestern Railway. He had charge of the bridge work, and under his direct supervision the noted Chippewa River Bridge was built.

In 1888 he came to San Francisco and began a general engineering practice in the line of his specialty. A number of the bridges of this State were designed by Randell Hunt and built under his direction. In 1889 he was made the engineering expert of the contracting firm of Antonelle & Doe, and his name became very prominent in the controversy regarding the concrete foundations for the extensive State works on the sea wall at the foot of Market street, in San Francisco; which caused considerable interest at the time, he contending that the system of sinking the wall by means of open floating caissons possessed innumerable advantages over the method of constructing cofferdams for this work. He devised means for an efficient and rapid execution in this direction, and defended his position so ably that he converted the authorities to his ideas. The Harbor Commissioners finally permitted the use of this system, and the work was successfully carried out. The total length of the wall to be constructed aggregated 450 feet; seven caissons were made use of, six of them 70 feet long and one 34 feet. They were sunk in depths of from 10 feet at low water stage to 17 feet at high water. Only one set of sides and ends was used for the six large caissons. The sides and ends were attachable and

*Reprinted from the Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies Vol. XX, No. 3, March 1898.

detachable to and from the grillage forming the bottom of the structure. These designs were very interesting, and all through this extensive work this method of operation gave great satisfaction, for no mishap of any serious consequence occurred.

With our late fellow-member engineering was more than the mere means of making a livelihood. With an inborn love for his profession, he gave to every case before him a careful and deliberate study; and if he advocated his designs and upheld them with all the vigor of his energetic character, it was because he was led by an honest conviction that he contended for that which he knew to be right, and that nothing should influence him to swerve from the path which he had laid out.

His name may be found frequently in the professional literature of recent years. A paper read before the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast, entitled "Cofferdams and Floating Caissons," was published, and found a widespread circulation by frequent reprints in the principal engineering journals of the country. In this paper the merits of the two methods of founding were intelligently discussed. On the subject of foundations, a number of valuable contributions from his pen are extant; a more recent one considered the methods of founding modern high buildings in our large cities, which appeared in the JOURNAL OF THE ASSOCIATION OF ENGINEERING SOCIETIES.

For years he had carried the idea of publishing an extensive work on the entire subject of foundations, and if he had lived this plan would have been matured. As it was, ill health prevented him from finishing the manuscript, which must now be left to others to arrange and complete.

In 1890 the firm of Doe & Hunt, engineering contractors, was established, and it carried on a successful business for a number of years. Here Mr. Hunt displayed great energy and activity, and the results of his labor are manifest to-day in a great variety of existing public works. His last work under the name of the firm was the very important construction of the headworks and canal of the Turlock Irrigation District. This extensive engineering operation would have been carried to a successful completion by him had it not been for the suspension of all irrigation enterprises, by reason of legal and financial difficulties that threatened disaster to almost every irrigation district in California, the problem of recovery therefrom not having been solved to this day.

In 1897 Mr. Hunt's services were engaged by the commission that had been charged by the Government to decide as to the respective merits of Santa Monica and San Pedro harbors for deep water improvement and shelter to vessels. Here he became the expert in the work of making borings in the two localities, in order to establish the composition of the materials of the respective harbor bottoms. Although then suffering from a malady that proved incurable, and very ill at the time, he carried out this trying work to the end, at a season when the conditions of the weather made it a severe test for a man in health to have been so constantly in attendance as he was.

This indomitable energy, to carry out whatever he had undertaken, was one of the principal characteristics of his nature. Physical indisposition could not incapacitate him. As long as he could be about he performed his full share of the work—and this he did to the very end of his useful life.

Socially he was the most estimable of men. His early training and education had opened his mind to all the ennobling influences of culture and art, and, while he devoted himself to the advancement of his profession, he never lost sight of the many other elements that make up human progress. Classic literature and the literature of the day were known to him as to few others, and he delighted to converse on these subjects with those about him who enjoyed his more intimate acquaintance. He was a most genial companion, alive to every interest, kind-hearted, devoted to his family and friends and always ready to assist others in giving aid and advice.

His father, the Hon. Wm. H. Hunt, was a very prominent man in his day. Under the administration of President Garfield he was Secretary of the Navy; after Garfield's death he was sent to Russia as Ambassador to represent the United States. He died in St. Petersburg in 1885, full of honors and mourned by two great nations.

In Randell Hunt our Society has lost one of its most active and respected members; a loss that we deeply deplore, and one we cannot readily replace. He became a member in 1890, and held a position in the Executive Board for a number of years.

It is therefore most proper to give expression to our feeling and to extend our sympathies to his surviving family. He leaves a wife and two little girls to mourn his untimely death. He was taken from them in the prime of his years, when a splendid career of usefulness opened up before him. And this seems sad, indeed, that a life so valuable, so pure and noble, should cease when it could least be spared. Our colleague is no more, but he will be remembered by all of us, not only as an engineer of high quality, but as a man of many virtues and broad principles, who had made it the maxim of his life to maintain fearlessly an honest conviction under all circumstances.

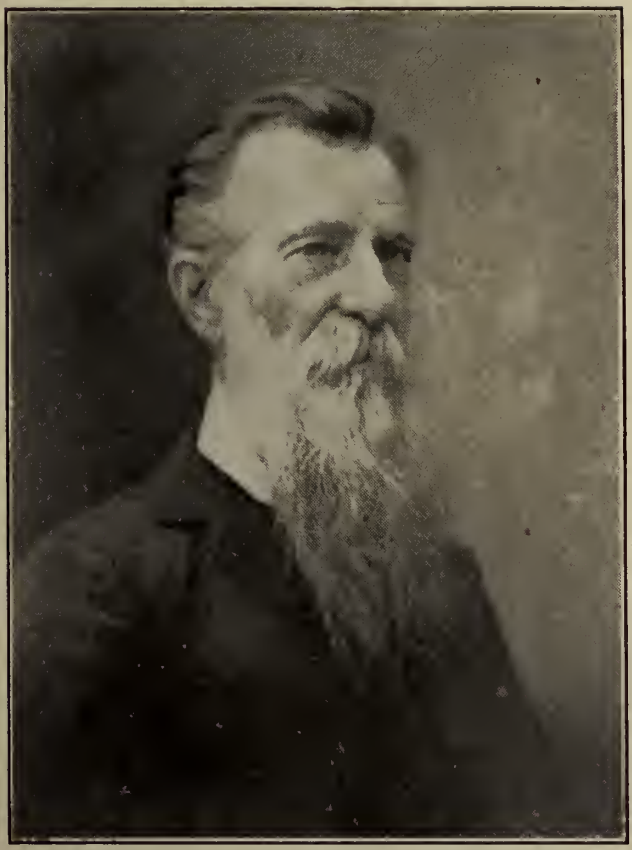
He died January 24, 1898, after a lingering illness of several weeks. Members of the Technical Society bore his body to its last resting place and confided it sacredly to the earth.

COMMITTEE.

In Memoriam

William Green Murphy

Died at
Marysville, California,
Wednesday,
February 3, 1904.



William Green Murphy

WILLIAM G. MURPHY IS NOW NO MORE

AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS THE SPIRIT OF A PIONEER PASSES TO ITS REWARD—END OF AN EVENTFUL CAREER—CROSSED THE PLAINS AND ARRIVED IN CALIFORNIA AFTER MOST ARDUOUS EXPERIENCES THREE YEARS PRIOR TO DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

(From the Marysville Appeal, February 4, 1904.)

Although it had been known for several days past that intelligence might come at any time of the passing of William G. Murphy, the pioneer lawyer, still the community in which he had resided so long was shocked yesterday afternoon when the news of his death was reported.

Mr. Murphy had been ill for the better part of the past two years. In the beginning stricken with an attack of the grip, eventually other complications ensued which operated to break down his system and render recovery impossible.

At a few moments prior to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the final summons came, when, sinking back into the arms of one of his sons, our old friend passed away without effort and lay as a child asleep.

The dead pioneer was a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 45, and of Marysville Encampment, No. 6, I. O. O. F., of Marysville Lodge, No. 38, A. O. U. W., and of the Marysville Pioneer Society and the Society of California Pioneers of San Francisco.

The funeral services will take place Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence under the auspices of the Odd Fellows. The interment will be made in the family plot, Yuba City Cemetery.

William Green Murphy came of good American stock. His people were of Scotch and English origin, and early in the seventeenth century, shortly after the founding of Jamestown, settled in old Virginia. Richard Murphy, his first ancestor upon this continent, was a dissenting minister and was married in 1680 to Elizabeth Byrd, in the "Old Dominion;" from this union sprang several well-known Southern families, the

subject of this sketch being a descendant of the North Carolina branch. Mrs Frank W. H. Aarsh, her aunt Charles Francis Aarsh and her sister Mrs Patrick O. Hennessy of this city are descendants of Richard and Elizabeth through another branch. Jeremiah Burns Murphy was the father of Mr Murphy and was born in North Carolina on March 9, 1807. In 1811 his family moved to Wheeler county near the city of Dresden in Western Tennessee where on the 10th day of January 1836, the subject of this sketch was born. In the early forties the family moved to Illinois, where they resided a short time returning to their old home in Tennessee. In March 1846 his father being dead, Mr Murphy's mother packed the household goods and with her entire family, consisting of nine children, son-in-law and grandchildren started with six teams for California a memory of which very few were then known. The family numbered thirteen, and formed part of the Gilford Donner party of which so much has been written and whose sufferings and privations are now embodied in the history of the State. They crossed the Platte river near Fairmont, passing up through Illinois crossing the Mississippi at St Louis. From there they traveled to Independence, Mo. at which point they took up their journey to Fort Kearny, thence to Fort Laramie thence to Fort Bridger, and thence south of Salt Lake through the Desert striking the old immigrant trail on the Humboldt, a short distance above the sink. Following the old emigrant trail, they arrived at the foot of Donner lake the latter part of October 1846.

The story of the terrible trip across the Mountain desert, the loss of the cattle belonging to the company, the awful fall of snow and the frightful privations endured on the party at Donner lake, are matters of history.

Mr Murphy's mother and five other members of the family were lost in the Donner tragedy. Starved, frozen and maimed, the subject of this sketch who was then but a boy of 10 walked over the snow drifts of High Sierras, fifteen miles from Truckee's Ranch to Bear river, where the first relief was obtained. From here Mr Murphy rode on improvised ponies utterly unable to use the frozen feet he afterwards learned, which was necessary for short trip across the mountains of Placerville. This was in February 1847. The following summer he came to Marysville which was then called Cordua's Ranch and remained at an adobe house at the foot of which is now D street. His business was to bring a mule-load of wheat from Hamilton and a point on either the Wheat meadows or Gun plain. During the summer of that year in company with his brother-in-law Michael C. Nye a member of the Sutter Colonel Company and a pioneer

of 1841, he went to Linda township, where they built an adobe residence about three miles southeasterly from Marysville. Here he lived until the discovery of gold in 1848; he then moved back to Cordua's Ranch (Marysville). At this time there were but few white men in this section of California. There was a small settlement on Bear river, known as Johuson's Ranch; old Nicolaus Allgeier lived at what is now known as Nicolaus in Sutter county; "Harry," a Kanaka, kept Hock Farm for General Sutter; Charles Roether and Moyette lived near the Honcut; Sam Neal at Butte Creek; Farwell on Chico creek, near its junction with the Feather river, and General Bidwell at Chico.

There were a number of Indian rancherias here and there; one was located at what is now the foot of A street in this city; one where the Grangers' warehouses formerly stood in Yuba City, and one of considerable size at Hock Farm. Although at this time only thirteen years of age Mr. Murphy had picked up the Spanish and Indian languages sufficiently well to speak them fluently. This knowledge enabled him to act as interpreter during the years 1848 and 1849 along the Yuba and at Bidwell's and Foster's Bars, which were large and important settlements after the discovery of gold. In the summer of 1849 Mr. Murphy, with his younger brother, Simon P., was taken by the Nyes to Benicia to attend school. They traveled overland. The Nyes left the two boys at school at Benicia and proceeded south.

Just two weeks afterward the school closed, and the two young hopefuls, with true American independence, collected their few belongings and started out to find their relatives. They paid a man $1 to ferry them across Carquinez straits, and then footed it with packs on their backs across the country to San Jose, where, after two days of inquiry, they found their friends.

In December, 1849, Mr. Murphy, in company with Michael C. Nye and his wife and daughter, went from San Jose to San Francisco, where the party took passage in the old steamer Panama for the Isthmus, which was crossed on mule-back to Cruces; at Cruces they took canoes down the Chagres river to the town of the same name. They met General Sutter's wife and daughters at Gargona on their way to California in charge of an escort who had been sent after them to Europe. They were anxious to hear the truth about the discovery of gold in California. Mr. Murphy being well acquainted with the General and his wife, and being still a boy, they placed more reliance in what he told them than they did in the stories of older people.

The party proceeded on their journey to New Orleans, which they reached on January 1, 1850. From New Orleans

Mr. Murphy went to his old home in West Tennessee, and while there his friends proposed sending him to the State University at Columbia,Mo.,but having bad no previous education to speak of he could not enter. However, Jesse Boulton (the grandfather of Arthur H. Boulton of this city), an old acquaintance and friend of Mr. Murphy's people, fortunately arrived at the same time to teach the district school at that place. He took him into his family to live with him and prepared him for college. Mr. Murphy afterward entered the State University of Missouri for the session of 1852-53; but some friends having returned from California at this time to buy cattle to drive back, he threw up his studies and joined them, traveling about the country until a large herd had been procured.

Once again he began the long and tedious journey across the continent to Marysville. This time the trip was not beset by as many difficulties as were encountered during the memorable journey of 1846; but, nevertheless, traveling to California in 1854, particularly with a large band of cattle, was a most arduous undertaking.

After arriving in Marysville, Mr. Murphy went to Butte county, where he herded cattle for a year or more. Returning to Marysville, he engaged in farming and friut growing with one of his brothers-in-law, Charles Covillaud, a pioneer of 1846.

In the summer time, he teamed to the mines. Often he and Edward Mathews, now of Marysville township, who teamed at the same time for Gabriel N. Swezy, slept together under the same tree. Mr. Mathews, who is now an old man of 80, in speaking of Mr. Murphy, said recently:

"William was a good boy. He did not smoke or drink or swear. In fact, he had no bad habits. But we used to have good times together all the same."

At this time Mr. Murphy was pursuing his studies until late in the evenings. In the winter of 1857 he bought a half interest in a livery stable which stood where is now the Peri block on D street, in this city. He sold it the following summer to James B. McDonald, the pioneer brick mason.

Being determined to complete his education he again visited his old home in Tennessee, entered the University of Missouri soon after and was graduated from the Agricultural Department in 1860 and as a bachelor of science in 1861.

The Civil War was raging in Missouri at this time, and during his examinations for final honors the young man could hear the thunder of cannon at the battle of Booneville only a few miles away.

From college Mr. Murphy returned to West Tennessee in order to attend to some business matters there. He intended to enter the Lebanon Law School in Tennessee, but was pre-

vented by the war. While at his old home Mr. Murphy's name was entered upon the list of citizens available for military duty and subject to draft. In the drawing his card contained the word "Stay;" so, fortunately, he did not have to enter the army and fight against his friends and relatives. Being of a religious turn of mind, he now became an Evangelist of the Christian Church and traveled about holding meetings and expounding the Gospel. But the then young man was not destined to be a preacher.

In his old home there was a fair young girl who loved him. She chose for him the law, and so in deference to her wishes he concluded to become a lawyer. In fact, he had been studying law for some time.

On December 3, 1861, William Green Murphy and Damaris Kathleen Cochran became husband and wife. By a strange coincidence, on the very same day that Mr. Murphy gained his wife, by far the greatest treasure he ever had in life, he lost all of his possessions in California by the most disastrous flood that ever visited Marysville. But of this he knew nothing at the time and thus fortune favored him still.

Dresden was within the rebel lines, and how to get back to California was the all-absorbing question. It was solved in this way: Mr. Murphy purchased a horse and buggy, taking his wife to ride quite frequently. Very little attention was paid to him by the soldiers. On one occasion he managed to reach Paducah, Ky., then in the hands of the Union troops. Once beyond the Confederate lines he sold his turnout, and procured a pass from General C. F. Smith, the Union officer in command, which enabled him and his bride to reach New York city. This pass and another pass signed by the Confederate General Polk, are at this time in the possession of his family. The oath of allegiance which Mr. Murphy was obliged to take at Paducah is indorsed upon the back of his pass, bearing date January 16, 1862, and is worded in the strongest possible language.

From New York to Panama and from Panama to San Francisco Mr. Murphy and his bride had a journey filled with romance and happiness. They, no doubt, looked back upon the terrible scenes of the war raging in their native State and forward to their future home in far away California with mingled emotions. But loving friends welcomed them to Marysville. A few days after his arrival in Marysville, which was on the 27th day of February, 1862, Mr. Murphy entered the law office of Mitchell & Swezy.

The minutes of the District Court, in and for the County of Yuba, State of California, show that on February 2, 1863, upon motion of Henry K. Mitchell and after due examination by Charles E. De Long and Charles E. Filkins as to his

qualifications, William G. Murphy was duly admitted to the practice of the law. A few months later Mr. Murphy moved to Virginia City, in the Territory of Nevada, where he practiced law for three and a half years successfully. He was one of the leading attorneys in the case of Millikin vs. Sloat, the most important case that up to that time had arisen in Nevada. Although defeated in the lower court, Mr. Murphy gained his case on appeal. The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Milliken vs. Sloat annulled the "specific contract act" (which made all debts payable in United States gold coin) and allowed all obligations to be paid thereafter in "greenbacks," which were then worth about thirty cents on the dollar. Consternation followed this decision and widespread disaster resulted in the business world, leaving a trail of ruin everywhere throughout Nevada. All over Virginia City were signs which bore the words "For Sale," "To Let," "Selling out and below cost."

Returning to Marysville Mr. Murphy opened a law office here in 1866 and ever since has been in regular practice in this city. In 1869 he was elected District Attorney of Yuba county, serving one term of two years. He was also City Attorney of Marysville from 1876 to 1882 during the time when our great levee system was beginning to assume its present permanency, which necessitated a great deal of work on the part of the city's legal adviser. At this time he compiled most of the present city ordinances.

In 1870 Mr. Murphy edited the Democratic Standard, a daily newspaper published in Marysville, a position which he filled with ability, at the same time carrying on his extensive practice of the law. He has been Court Commissioner of the Court of Record for this country continuously for more than twenty-seven years.

As a lawyer Mr. Murphy was eminently successful. During a long period of time his income from the practice of law was over $10,000 a year; and recently, although confined to his room by wasting illness and suffering great pain, he continued to attend to his legal business almost to the last.

Mr. Murphy was a Democrat, and as a stump speaker for that political party won renown and applause wherever he went. As an orator he was voluminous, argumentative and clear. When the Prohibition party was organized in 1884 he became one of its most ardent supporters, and down to the day of his death remained a stanch and loyal temperance advocate. In 1886 he was the regular nominee of the People's and Prohibition parties for Supreme Judge of the State of California. He received a large complimentary vote. In 1894, as the People's party candidate for District Attorney of Yuba county, he polled as many votes in Marysville as both of

the old parties combined and had he gone over the county canvassing, as other candidates do, he would have been elected without doubt. Had Mr. Murphy remained with the Democratic party he might have held a high State office; but he preferred to be in the minority rather than yield up his ideas of right. He was always an uncompromising, thorough-going, outspoken adherent of what he deemed to be the truth, whether other people agreed with him or not.

He was the founder of the Christian Church in this city and to its welfare he has devoted his best energies.

In May, 1869, Mr. Murphy made a memorable address before the California Pioneers,who had assembled at Sacramento to celebrate the driving of the last spike of the iron road which was to link California with the East. Although Governor Haight and many noted orators were present and delivered addresses Mr. Murphy's speech was praised beyond all others. Those who heard it say that it was an effort in which he held his audience spellbound by his eloquence and pathos. An example of Mr. Murphy's oratorical powers is still fresh in the memories of the people of Marysville, who heard his address at the McKinley memorial services a few years ago in Cortez Square.

Only two of his relatives who suffered with him at Donner lake survive, his aged sister, Mrs. Sarah A. C. Foster of San Francisco, and his niece, Mrs. John S. Schenck of the Dalles, Or., who was formerly Naomi L. Nye.

Mr. Murphy's good wife preceded him to the grave and now lies buried in the family plot in the Yuba City Cemetery. He left seven children, four of whom are married, and three grandchildren. His three daughters are Kate Nye Mason, Tallulah T. Murphy and Harriet Murphy of this city. His four sons are William G. Jr. of San Francisco, Charles S., Ernest H. and Leander B. Murphy of Marysville. The other relatives in this city are Charles J. Covillaud and Mrs. Mary E. Waldron, nephew and niece, and May Waldron, grandniece of the deceased.

Mr. Murphy was a man of striking appearance, standing over six feet high. He was an accomplished athlete and understood horsemanship thoroughly. He was fond of all kinds of sport and greatly loved to go forth on camping expeditions with his family. He was exceedingly fond of children, and it is a noteworthy fact that in a private drawer in his office are pictures of all the members thereof when they were little more than babies. No other portraits are there. Not a great many years ago it was not an uncommon sight on the streets of Marysville to see our old friend driving his four-horse stage coach filled with a score or more of happy children whooping and yelling with all their might. The driver could make as much noise as any of the children. This

familiar sight meant that on the following day Mr. Murphy was going upon a camping expedition with his family to Humbug Valley, to Yosemite, to the wilds of Mendocino county or to the Coast.

BAR ASSOCIATION MEETS—TAKE FITTING ACTION IN CONNECTION WITH DEATH OF LATE BROTHER.

(From the Marysville Appeal, February 5, 1904.)

A meeting of the members of the bar of Yuba county called by Judge McDaniel convened in the Superior Court room at 10:30 yesterday morning to take suitable action in connection with the death of the late William G. Murphy, who was father of the Yuba county bar, having been admitted to the practice of the law in the old District Court on February 2, 1863.

The following members were present: W. H. Carlin, Richard Belcher, District Attorney M. T. Brittan, Waldo S. Johnson, E. B. Stanwood, J. E. Ebert, E. A. Forbes and W. Dinsmore.

Judge McDaniel in addressing those assembled remarked that he thought it would be proper on this occasion to consider as to the fitting thing to do regarding the death of their brother, William G. Murphy. He suggested that they should hold a meeting on some near date to give proper expression to their feelings of deep regret.

Richard Belcher moved that the members of the bar attend the funeral in a body, and that the Court appoint a committee of seven members to draft resolutions and take such other action as they might deem fitting.

The following committee was appointed by the Court to draft proper resolutions: Richard Belcher, chairman, W. H. Carlin, E. A. Forbes, E. B. Stanwood, M. T. Brittan, Waldo S. Johnson and W. Dinsmore, who were instructed to report next Monday afternoon at 2 P. M.

On motion of W. H. Carlin, seconded by Waldo S. Johnson, it was agreed that the members of the bar attend the funeral this afternoon in a body, and Richard Belcher was appointed a committee of one to take charge and make all the necessary arrangements on behalf of the association.

The meeting then adjourned until next Monday afternoon at 2 P. M.

LAST SAD RITES FOR THE LATE WILLIAM G. MURPHY

RELATIVES AND OLD FRIENDS COME AS ONE TO PAY FINAL MARK OF RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY—REV. BOHANNON'S TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEERS.

(From the Marysville Appeal, February 6, 1904.)

The many friends of the late William G. Murphy gathered at the family residence yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock to pay the last tokens of respect to his memory. The services were conducted by Oriental Lodge, No. 45, and Marysville Encampment, No. 6, I. O. O. F., while representatives of the legal fraternity, the Marysville Pioneers, Labor Association, Ancient Order of Workmen and the Mayor and Common Council of Marysville were all present to show their respect to the memory of their late friend. The casket had been covered with smilax and drooping grasses, and many beautiful floral offerings were in evidence. One bouquet of pink and one of white carnations and an exquisite wreath of fragrant blossoms rested upon the casket, the others being placed near by. The beautiful services of the Odd Fellows were read by Charles J. Becker, noble grand, while Rev. Gerald L. Bohannon acted as chaplain of the order, and F. H. Day as marshal. During the services Mrs. G. H. Baird tenderly sang the three consoling hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," "Some Sweet Day" and "Asleep in Jesus," Mrs. F. W. Johnson playing the piano accompaniment.

At the conclusion of the services by the Odd Fellows the following address was made by Rev. Gerald L. Bohannon, pastor of the Christian Church of this city:

"We have gathered here, dear friends, to pay our last mark of respect and final tribute to our departed friend. The sterling pioneer who helped to build the city of Marysville has passed to the world beyond. The life of Mr. Murphy from his early boyhood had been identified with the history of Marysville and California. His biography is one replete with interesting facts that have been published in the papers of this city, and a repetition now would not be news to you. William Green Murphy was born in Weakley county, West Tennessee, in 1836, and at the time of his death was 68 years of age. In 1846 he crossed the plains with that ill-fated, historic, 'Donner party.' The deceased was a devout member of the Christian Church and was the founder of that edifice in this city.

"The California pioneers are fast yielding to the demands

of remorseless time, which is steadily and surely cutting them down in its silent course. Nearly all of those heroic men have joined the silent majority. Soon the pioneers will only be counted as a memory. The decrees of fate must have their sway, but memory rises above their graves. To the few that now remain, who have lived in the past and accomplished so much, we owe devotion and honor. While the pioneer may soon become only a memory this does not mean oblivion. The great monument of his achievements rests in the Golden West, with her vast commerce and wealth, her great cities and fabulous resources. Those only are truly great who have contributed something to mankind, and the California pioneer has met that obligation to his fellow men. That which is great or lovely never dies, but passes into other greatness, into other loveliness.

"Death has dealt sternly with the founders and builders of our golden State during its past two years. As the shades of the forest and fields have changed, and as the sere leaves have fallen, the spirits of many of the men who helped to make the history of the West, who were instrumental in forming the laws of the State, in developing its natural resources and extending its trade, whose efforts were directed toward elevating the social plane of the young commonwealth, have flown.

"Among the stalwarts of California's pioneers who have recently departed were such as the late Louis Sloss, Thomas Magee, Levi Strauss, General W. H. L. Barnes, Isaiah W. Lees, Charles L. Fair, Colonel George H. Mendell, George W. Prescott, J. W. Mackay, Hiram T. Graves, Louis Gerstle, Dr. Levi Lane, Captain Oliver Eldridge, Henry L. Dodge, Edgar Briggs, John Taylor, Andrew B. Forbes and scores of others.

"He is passing down the valley and he soon will cross the line—
From the golden land he wrought us in the days of '19.

"On his head the frost is gathering; and his foot that once
was light
On the scorched and heavy desert or the craggy mountain
height
Slower moves and yet more slowly down the widening path
of time
And his dull ears hear the echo of life's evening vesper chime;
He is passing down the valley and he soon will cross the line—
From the golden land he wrought us in the days of '49.

"There's a dimness o'er his vision. His was once the eagle's
glance,
Piercing thro' the misty valley like the singing of a lance;
Now the form that crossed the mountain with a lithe and eager
bound

Like a dying, falling cedar stoops toward the waiting ground;
He is waiting in the valley underneath the golden dome;—
He is waiting for the summons that shall come to call him home.

"In the vale the orange blossom twinkles white amid the green,
And the apples of Hesperides shine with a golden sheen;
Oh, the paradise he molded when upon the living stage,
With his humble pick and shovel, he worked out our heritage!
Just an old and broken miner; but his work is all divine
And we place the wreath of laurel o'er the Man of '49.

"What shall be the theme of poets when the world has found its best
In the wondrous hills and valleys of the broad and mighty West?—
When within the peaceful harbor throngs the shipping of the world,
With the flags of all the nations o'er the gathering unfurled?
Who shall fail to give the glory to the men of iron wills
Who broke out the fettered slope and tamed the wild and sullen hills?

"He is passing down the valley; but his name is with us yet;
And his dauntless heart and handiwork we never shall forget;
On the smiling poppy mesa and the canyon wild and dark
With his rusty pick and shovel he has left his lasting mark;
He is passing down the valley and he soon will cross the line;
But he leaves a lasting monument—the Man of '49.

"The memory of California's great orators, statesmen, writers, editors and lawyers, will always find a place in the hearts of future generations, such names as Fremont, Sutter, Stockton, Sloat, Riley, Kearny, Carson, Edwards, Stanford, Huntington, Winans, McClatchey, Caffroth, McKune, Catlin, McKinstry, Bidwell, Burnett, Wallace, Kewen, Sherman, Bigler and others, will remain forever as potent factors in the founding of this State, in shaping its rules of action and its future.

"To this list God has seen fit to add the name of our beloved friend and brother, William Green Murphy—one of our earliest pioneers, having been one of the surviving members of the ill-fated Donner party, the advent of which into California being a most notable event. No other journey so authentically records the trials, the fortitude and the sufferings of our pioneer fathers and mothers, or typifies more clearly the sterling manhood and womanhood, the sublime virtue, the brotherly love and the self-sacrificing spirit of those who blazed the way to the Great West, and here upon

the confines of our Nation laid strong and deep the foundations of our American commonwealth.

"The enthusiasm of our pioneers had nothing of the dream or vision, but was a living, lasting reality. No suffering, no fatigue, no danger, retarded those heroic men and women as they braved the furious storms of the cape, and the arid plains, the wild forests, the pathless monntains.

"To them California was not only the land of promise, but the land of realized hopes. Her forests were more ancient than those of Lebanon. Her mountains, canyons, hills and valleys were teeming with gold, and soon to become the land of the olive, the vine, fig tree and orange. Her lap was overflowing with gold and her valleys with nature's offerings.

"After all the trials and hardships in reaching the land of gold, the pioneer's life was rough and hazardous; men only of nerve and fortitude could exist. It was of such material the California pioneers were made, and of such was our brother, William Green Murphy, whose mortal remains lies cold in this casket before us. A man of valor and of courage, kind, careful and thorough, holding to the last the love and confidence of an innumerable company whom he has left, together with his family and relatives, to mourn his passing.

"Grandeur sleeps along the hillsides—beauty in each grassy vale;
And the stirring trees chant vespers to the evening gale.
Far beyond the cities tumult, and thronging passers tread,
Stands the beautiful cemetery—city of the dead.

"Statesmen with their tasks unended, poets with rare songs unsung,
God's true nobles yet loyal-honored brows from many a clime
Gently rest where gates of silence shut them out from time.

"They have left the sunny vineyard, and the classic palm trees shade;
Turned them from the green savannah, and the healthy glade,
Looked their last on Alpine's glaciers, or the dreary northern snows,
And the Orient's bowers enchanting; there to find repose.

"They have braved unnumbered dangers, tempests of the roaring main,
Perils of the mountain passes, languors of the plain;
All the treacherous miasma, and the tropic's fervid breath,
Amid nature's peaceful beauty, thus to learn of death.

"Wails of unavailing anguish, from all climes beneath the sun,
Have gushed forth for these mute dwellers, though their griefs are done,

Cheeks have blanched with secret sorrow, silvered heads
have bowed with care,
Childish mirth been hushed in weeping, for the sleepers there.

"Winter, as in soft compassion, for the strangers none may
weep,
Leaves his snows, to scatter roses, where they lie asleep.
Spring and summer light the valleys with a wilderness of
bloom,
Every season weaves in passing, garlands for the tomb.

"When the morning's ruddy luster, breaks along the eastern
hills,
O'er their graves like tears of amber, the rich light distills,
Hour by hour in dreamy splendor, the clear heaven above
them lies,
With the mellow depth and beauty, of Italian skies.

"Murmurs of the blue Pacific, which the wandering winds
have caught,
With a sadder sound than silence, overlean the spot,
And when twilight's lucent splendors, flush and pale along the
west,
Pilgrims by the gates of glory seem they, taking rest."

Following the services at the house the funeral cortege moved to the cemetery in Yuba City, and after brief exercises by the Odd Fellows, the interment took place in the family lot.

The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: Judge E. P. McDaniel, Judge K. S. Mahon, J. A. Maben, John Learmont, A. H. Boulton and Justus Greely.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

CAPABLE, HONEST, KINDLY

THE BAR ASSOCIATION OF YUBA COUNTY HONORS A DEPARTED MEMBER THEREOF—HIGH ESTIMATION IN WHICH THE LATE WILLIAM G. MURPHY WAS HELD BY HIS FELLOW LAWYERS.

(From the Marysville Appeal, July 9, 1904.)

A meeting of the Bar of Yuba county convened pursuant to call at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon to adopt resolutions

concerning the death of William Green Murphy. The following members were present: W. H. Carlin, Richard Belcher, Waldo S. Johnson, E. T. Manwell, A. H. Redington, J. E. Ebert, E. B. Stanwood and W. Dinsmore; Judge E. P. McDaniel presided.

When the meeting was called to order Richard Belcher, the chairman of the committee appointed by the Court at the meeting held last Friday, submitted the following report:

"Whereas, Death has called from the Bar of Yuba county its pioneer member, William Green Murphy, its only member who could say that he grew up wtih the laws of the State; one whose experiences carried him as a child of 12 years through difficulties in immigrating that have inseperably linked his name with the early history of the State, and as a youth through the exciting times of the discovery of gold; one whose family was so closely connected with the founding of this city that from his sister its name was taken; one whose life is interwoven with its life and growth; a man who was a good citizen, an ever kind and indulgent husband and father; and a lawyer in whose death this bar loses perhaps its most striking figure, surely a kindly spirit, a keen wit and a brilliant mind; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by this bar, That in the death of William Green Murphy, there has been taken from our midst not only an historical figure, but one who as a citizen and a man will ever be remembered with feelings of kindness by the people among whom he moved; a good lawyer, always aiming to be courteous in his relations and dealings with his fellow practitioners, bright and acute in intellect, and apt and witty in expression, often to the extent of genius; to know and meet him in contest or controversy, even though as an adversary, was but to like him, and he has left behind him in the hearts of his fellow members a recollection and remembrance containing naught but love for his character. In the wide and extensive practice which for many years he enjoyed and honored in this community, he has made a record for ability and learning.

Respectfully submitted,

RICHARD BELCHER, Chairman.
WALDO S. JOHNSON,
E. B. STANWOOD,
M. T. BRITTAN,
W. H. CARLIN,
E. A. FORBES,
W. DINSMORE,

Committee.

He moved the adoption of the resolutions, that they be inserted on the minutes of the Court, and an engrossed copy

be sent to the family, and that when they adjourn it should be out of respect to the memory of William Green Murphy.

W. H. Carlin seconded the motion. He stated that as one of the members of the Bar of Yuba county he desired to say a few words out of respect of the memory of William G. Murphy. When he came to Marysville in 1890 Mr. Murphy was enjoying a large practice; he had at that time the largest circle of clients of any member of the bar, although the Court's predecessor on the bench (E. A. Davis) had probably the most lucrative practice. It had been his privilege to try cases against Mr. Murphy and at such times he had always realized that he had a bright man to contend with from whom witty expressions exuded in such manner that while they might burn they left no scar. His wit was genuine, and his geniality made it difficult to tear oneself away from him. When he had viewed his face for the last time in the casket it looked as though he had but passed into a peaceful slumber. From a bare-footed boy at Donner lake Mr. Murphy had become the leader of the bar of Yuba county. He believed that his life as a lawyer, as a citizen, as a member of the bar was a success, and expressed the belief that it would be a long day before the void created by his passing would be filled. He would always remember him as a genial, bright and witty man, a courteous gentleman and one who had never conceived a feeling of ill will toward any citizen.

Waldo S. Johnson remarked that he could only speak for the younger members of the bar. The recollection he should cherish of Mr. Murphy was that of a courteous man, who had given him many valuable suggestions. He had never deplored the fact that younger men were joining the profession who must needs secure some of the practice of the locality. He had never heard his integrity questioned, and he left behind a reputation as unblemished and a character as clean as any member of the bar might be proud to possess.

A. H. Redington stated that Mr. Murphy had always been kind, considerate and courteous to him, and had on various occasions rendered him assistance that was appreciated. He regretted that he was absent from Marysville when he died and was not able to attend the funeral with the other members of the bar.

Richard Belcher stated that every member of the bar, old or young, met with courtesy from the deceased. Had never heard his integrity questioned. His kindly spirit, his love for his fellow man would be always remembered. No man could die leaving a better heritage.

J. E. Ebert, E. T. Manwell and E. B. Stanwood each spoke of his courtesy and kindness to the members of the bar.

Judge E. P. McDaniel stated that he thought that he had perhaps known the deceased longer than any member of the

bar, as he was born in this city, and was the son of a pioneer. The Bar of Yuba county in early days was composed of some of the greatest lawyers in the State, and Mr. Murphy practiced with many of them. To that bar belonged Judge Stephen J. Field, Isaac and W. C. Belcher, Jesse O. Goodwin, General Rowe, G. N. Swezy, Charles E. Filkins, James G. Eastman, E. A. Davis, J. H. Craddock and many others. Among the men with whom Mr. Murphy practiced law were many bright intellects, and he was considered one of them. He was a man of force, ability and aggressiveness. It was not, however, as a successful lawyer that he preferred to remember their departed friend. He was a good man, whose life was an open book, and who said what he believed. He never did a dishonorable act and was without a peer in indulging in repartee. Had never heard him say an unkind word of an absent person. He loved children, and knew the names of the boys of all the old families. He did not think that he ever intended in word, thought or deed to do wrong, he lived according to the high code of morality he followed. He had many generous traits and his kindness to all the members of the bar should not be forgotten. He should always cherish his memory in loving remembrance.

He then ordered the Court to stand adjourned out of respect to the memory of William Green Murphy.

IN MEMORIAM.

(From the Marysville Appeal, February 16, 1904.)

At a meeting of the City Council of Marysville, held February 15, 1904, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, It has pleased the allwise Ruler of the Universe to call from a useful life and an honorable career our late friend, William Green Murphy, a former official of this city; and,

"Whereas, By his removal from our midst, we keenly feel the loss of a good and worthy citizen, of a man of learning and intellect, and of an historical figure whose name and fame have figured intimately and closely with the growth and life of the city of Marysville even from its birth; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by this Common Council, That in the death of

Mr. Murphy the city of Marysville loses an upright, worthy citizen, and its inhabitants a kindly friend and generous neighbor, one who will always live in the hearts of those who knew him as genial, kind, cheerful in disposition, generous to a fault, ever willing to lend the hand of assistance to his neighbor in adversity, and without an enemy in the land he has made his home now for more than fifty years;

"Resolved, That we hereby tender to his sons and daughters, our sympathy and condolence in this hour of affliction;

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Common Council, and that a page of the record be devoted to the same; and, further,

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend and fellow citizen."

At a meeting of the Marysville Labor Association, February 25, 1904, the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved friend, the Hon. William G. Murphy;

"Resolved, That we recognize the divine will of him who doeth all things well, and humbly bow in submission to His summons; that in his death we have lost a most worthy member, one who, as a man was upright and conscientious in all his dealings, as a father dutiful and exemplary, and as a friend steadfast and true; that while we deeply sympathize with those who were bound to him by the nearest and dearest ties we share with them the hope of a reunion in that better world where there are no partings;

"Resolved, That this, the Marysville Labor Association, tender their warmest sympathy and sincere condolence to the bereaved family of our deceased member, and may heavenly balm be poured upon their hearts in this, the hour of their sad affliction, knowing too well that their loss is even greater than ours, the removal of a true and faithful father, whose duty to his own was undeviating, followed with all the truest favor that can emanate from a loving heart;

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family as a mark of our respect and that a copy be inscribed on the minutes of this association.

J. H. SHAFFER,
J. P. ARNOLDY,
J. A. BILHARTZ,
Committee.

In Memory of
William De Mott Dressler

WM. D. DRESSLER.

[San Francisco Examiner]

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM De MOTT DRESSLER

IN WHOSE LIFE THERE
WAS NO MALICE

DIED, MAY TWENTY-THIRD,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

DRESSLER

Tread light, 'tis the face of a sleeper
Who, weary, to slumber is led;
The Angel of Love is his keeper,
And such—such are never the dead.

Not lilies alone shall we weave in
The garlands that kiss the pale cheek,
But violets humble, for even
The flowers he loved were the weak.

And though we shall fill again never
His place in our ranks, or forget,
We note, as we leave him forever,
The smile on his lip lingers yet.

Lingers yet, as though 'twere a token,
From where but the true-in-heart dwell;
The Master's "Well Done" has been spoken.
We may leave him in peace—for "All's Well."

—FRANK GASSAWAY.

Editorial in *The Examiner*, May 24, 1902

WILLIAM De MOTT DRESSLER

Looking death squarely in the eyes, with no fear of the future and no consciousness of wrong-doing in the past to make him quail; with the fullest appreciation of all the joys of life; at the opening of a career in his profession that promised a clear road to its highest rewards, W. D. Dressler, city editor of *The Examiner*, stepped into the chasm of the unknowable as steadily and unflinchingly as he had done all his duty all his life.

There was good reason for his courage in leaving time for eternity, for when all men are called to the bar of judgment there will be no one to accuse Dressler of any wrong-doing. He was absolutely without fear, cowardice or malice. He never wrote a line that he did not believe to be true, and in the anonymous columns of a newspaper he never placed a word that he would not say to the face of the one interested.

He had the courage of the battlefield as well as of the sick chamber, and though physically a weak man, he never shrank from telling a bully what he thought of him for fear of the consequences. The soul of honor himself, his feeling toward a liar was one of pity. He would say, "I am awfully sorry for that fellow; it must make him ashamed to feel that he is not man enough to tell the truth." Dressler's spoken word was better than any written bond—default on it was impossible.

As a writer he was the wittiest, as a talker the most cynical of the profession in San Francisco; yet he was the kindest and gentlest of all the men who, during the past twenty-five years have made newspapers here.

All hours were the same to him when there was something to do, and he never had a thought of rest till the task was ended. He pitied a shirker as he pitied a liar, feeling sorry for the weakness of an unfortunate brother whose manhood was not so great an incentive to keep him at work as was the eye of the boss. His care and conscientiousness may be judged from the fact that in all his years with the press he never wrote a line that caused a libel suit, nor as editor allowed one to get into the paper.

Like many other members of the profession he did not accumulate wealth, for, though simple in his own tastes, he saw so many ways to help others that his purse was nearly always drained. But while poor in purse, he was rich in the finest friendships that ever blessed a good man, and there was not a dry eye among his associates when the word passed that "Jake" had gone. He had that wonderful quality that incites love and affection—it came from his truth and courage. The most constant watcher at his bedside and one who mourns as deeply as any was one who a week before had said of an act of discipline, "I would not stand that from any one but Jake."

Like most newspaper workers, Dressler was little known outside of the office and his own circle of friends. His good deeds will not be told on marble, no towering sky-scraper will tarry a few years to mark his thrift, no history will tell of his devotion to duty, but what man could do to help his fellow-men and make the world a better place to live in Dressler did, and that is more than can be truthfully said of the world's heroes. Nor can any greater thing be said of any man than is Jake Dressler's due: that he smoothed the pathway of all he met in his business career and never added a jot to the burden of any one.

San Francisco has lost a man who helped much in a thousand quiet ways; his friends, who included all his associates, all mourn the one they felt they least could spare. *The Examiner* has lost its most efficient city editor and its proprietor has lost a loving friend who never failed him while he lived.

WILLIAM DE MOTT DRESSLER, city editor of *The Examiner*, and as popular a man as could be found in all San Francisco, died at the Lane Hospital at 6:30 o'clock Friday morning, May 23d, and so closed a career combining vigorous activity and singular gentleness. It has been given to but few men to make more friends or to stand higher with his fellows.

In the hammer-and-tongs life of modern journalism few editors combine efficiency and popularity, but Mr. Dressler had solved the problem of getting the best work out of his staff by making each member of it his friend. And in his association with the world he made friends everywhere, and kept them "without capitulation." Few men could be more sincerely mourned; none ever better deserved the tribute of man's tears.

Mr. Dressler was born in Michigan and lived in that State until he was well on to manhood, when he came to California with his widowed mother and settled in Oroville. There William De Mott, the uncle after whom he had been named, owned the Oroville *Mercury*, and young Dressler went into that office as a printer to help support his mother; and it was there he began writing local articles and getting himself in readiness for his notable career in a wider journalistic field.

After his mother's death Dressler came to San Francisco and went into the printing-office of the *Call*. That was in 1879, and he worked there two years, or until there was a strike in the office, when he came to *The Examiner* and took a position in the composing-room of this paper.

He was a great lover of the game of baseball, had been a player himself, and attended all the games played in this city during the early 80's. On one occasion the writer detailed for the game was taken ill, and Dressler jumped in to fill the gap.

From that time on nobody else was asked to do the ball games for *The Examiner*. Dressler had a faculty of picturing the game so the reader could see all the principal plays as if he were in the grand stand. But more than that, Dressler had a wondrous humor which lighted every line and illuminated each paragraph.

His first baseball writing was largely a labor of love, as he worked at his case just as if his accounts of the struggle on the diamond had not become the talk of the town. Then he left the composing-room, and, in addition to his baseball writing took the desk of an assistant telegraph editor.

It was there that his ability as a handler of news first became manifest. He seemed to fit into the work as if born to it. With his blue pencil he could cut a paragraph here, rewrite a line there and bring a connected, sequential story out of the chaos of half a dozen accounts. The "feature" in the news never escaped him, and he soon had the correspondents who sent their narrations to him, well filled with the knowledge that they were under the hand of a master.

But as the baseball enthusiasm grew and became a furore with the patrons of the game, Dressler was asked to devote himself entirely to the game. On that work he might have rested and considered himself sufficiently famous. Before his day the accounts of the games all over the land were mere dry recitals of hits and runs and errors. Dressler brought to his first account a distinct genius, and he developed it by conscientious work. He made of the players something more than automatons. In his work they breathed and

laughed. He set forward their peculiarities, their ambitions, their daily life. People learned to follow their individual movements as they follow the doings of the world's notables.

In his brain was an apparently inexhaustible storehouse of quaint picturesque expressions, each one peculiarly fitted to the player or to the play. Under his magic hand the stories of the game became comedy dramas, with the diamond a stage on which active men worked out a succession of charming entertainments.

Soon it became known all over the land that a man with a new idea and a fresh style had risen in the world of journalism. He was quoted, admired and imitated. First of all the writers to put real life into the accounts of the national game, he was acknowledged facile princeps to the end.

After a time interest in baseball somewhat declined temporarily and Dressler took up other lines of descriptive writing. Called upon to depict all sorts and conditions of men and to tell of the widest possible variety of human accidents and incidents, it was found that the grace and strength of his style, coupled with his catchy humor, were fitted to all the requirements of a newspaper man's career. Teachers had a way of reading his work to their pupils as illustrations of descriptive writing at its best. There seemed no limit to his capabilities, and he reported a sermon or a boxing contest, a school commencement or a legislative session, the aspirations of the labor unions or the convocations of the merchants, with equal facility. He was pithy, easy and accurate, and a man always to be depended upon.

Among his many noteworthy reports of great occasions were his stories of Honolulu at the time of the raising of the American flag. Extracts from these graphic accounts were reprinted all over the world. The newspaper men who matched their pens against his on that occasion cheerfully acknowledged him the master.

When he was established as city editor many questioned whether a man so eminently genial and companionable could make a success in so trying a station. There was an idea that more of the stern dictator was necessary. It did not seem possible that a man known to everybody by the chummy nickname of "Jake" could become a centurion of the press, telling his men to "do this" and sternly insisting that the work should be done.

But here again Dressler had a method all his own. He was so kindly and considerate of the feelings of those under him that they put their hearts into whatever he asked them to do. He had solved the problem of getting each man at his best, and they worked for him as if work were a pleasure. And so it came about that much of *The Examiner's* news-gathering success is attributable to his ability and his exceptional faculty of handling men.

Eight or ten years ago it was feared he was dying of consumption. He laughed at the doctors, accepted Mr. Hearst's invitation to try a vacation in the desert and returned from Arizona with his lungs entirely healed. But other physical failings became noticeable and he worked at what most men would have deemed a grievous disadvantage, every now and then forced to take to his bed or submit to a surgical operation. But his ailments were never made a burden to those that surrounded him. After each attack he took up his task cheerily, lovingly, as if he were the embodiment of health.

And so men grew to love him wherever he went. Perhaps they called him careless, but he never was careless of the feelings of others. Along his path he strewed thousands of acts of loving kindness. He gave his money with a generous hand. He was quick to minister to those in trouble. His sympathies were practical as well as warm-hearted, and to many and many a bed of suffering he sent the needed delicacies or carried a tender sympathy that was better than all

medicine. And no man ever knew him to think or do that which did not best befit the name of gentleman.

Then, in the midst of his career, respected by all, loved as few men are loved, an old ailment mastered him. Stricken at his desk on Friday last, he was forced to give up and take to his bed at his home, 914 Geary street. There he was attended by Dr. Rosencranz, his regular physician. Dr. Rosencranz saw that the case was serious and called Dr. John Gallwey, Dr. Calderon and Dr. O'Brien in consultation. Everything that medical knowledge could suggest was done for the patient, but his condition grew worse, and as a last resort he was taken to the Lane Hospital on Thursday afternoon for a surgical operation. The operation was performed by Dr. Vowinckle, assisted by Drs. Gallwey, Rosencranz, O'Brien and Calderon.

Though the patient rallied from the operation, and in conversation with friends showed all his old-time brilliancy and humor, he sank slowly to the end. Inflammation of the bowels was given as the cause of death.

The remains were removed to the home of W. F. Bogart, cashier of *The Examiner*, at 888 Haight street. There they remained until Sunday, May 25th, when, accompanied by the pall-bearers and a few intimates, they were taken to the chapel at Odd Fellows' Cemetery. On the steps of that chapel, where all his friends were requested to gather, a simple funeral ceremony was held. The Rev. Bradford Leavitt of the First Unitarian Church offered a prayer, and Edward J. Livernash spoke of the dead man as a friend to friends. The body was then cremated.

The honorary pall-bearers were: E. S. Simpson, city editor of the *Chronicle*; C. H. Warren, managing editor of the *Post*; Dent H. Robert, managing editor of *The Examiner*; T. T. Williams, business manager of *The Examiner*; Al Murphy, J. N. H. Irwin and

Max Newberry, representing *The Examiner* staff; Robert Smythe, sporting editor of the *Call;* Attorney-General Tirey L. Ford, Louis F. Glass, Louis Sloss Jr., M. A. Newell, Sam H. Daniels, Peter J. Dunne, James P. Dunne, John Bryant, Andrew F. Smith, L. P. Ward and W. J. White, representing the San Francisco Typographical Union, and Samuel Dowsett of Honolulu.

There was, there is, no nobler, kindlier, manlier man.

The bar, the bench, the world of journalism, of the clubs, of commerce, the professions—all these were represented in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at the funeral of William De Mott Dressler, late city editor of *The Examiner.* These were men for whom the mask of reserve was hardened to a shell under the buffeting of circumstance and the clash of ambitions. Nevertheless, when Mr. Livernash drew his vivid picture of one whose soul was white, of whom it might be said:

> His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"—

when Mr. Livernash, speaking in sad simplicity, brought home the stern reality of this untimely death, tears stood in the eyes of many to whom the outward expression of any sort of emotion had long been a stranger. It was the prompting of the rare occasion, supplying the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

In the shadow of Lone Mountain and its white cross beacon that marks the shore of time for so many a worn mariner of a rude, tempestuous world, under a gloomy, lowering sky, men stood, bareheaded and hushed, around a bank of virgin blossoms, the gracious,

tender testimony of affection, inadequate though it might be to express the feeling of the moment. By the steps of the white crematorium the bier was laid. From within the solemn organ pealed in sorrowful strain. The Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt of the Unitarian church stood on the steps by the head of the coffin. Mr. Leavitt had closed his services in church earlier than usual in order to officiate at the funeral. He is going away on vacation, but left the church without shaking hands with his congregation in order to perform the last offices for the dead.

Mr. Leavitt read with feeling and expression words in which the sad experience of a suffering world has learned to express its sorrow and sense of bereavement since the first days, almost, that articulate speaking man found himself confronted with death. Thus he began:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.

They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them all as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the strong,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down,
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore,
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
  Since they have entered there,
To follow them were not so hard,
  Wherever they may fare.

They cannot be where God is not,
  On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
  Our God, forever more.

"I am going to read to you two or three passages from various ancient scriptures. First, from the most ancient, the Egyptian Book of the Dead: 'The soul lives after the body dies. The soul passes through the gate, and makes a way in the darkness to his God. He has pierced the heart of evil to do the things of his father. Then shall the judge of the dead answer, "Let this soul pass on. He lived to be true. He has made his delight in doing what is good to man, and what is pleasing to God. He has given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the needy. His heart sets right in the balance. He fought on earth a good fight, even as his Father, the Lord of the invisible world, commanded him. He was a brother to the great, and a father to the humble, and he never was a mischief maker." Such as these shall find grace in the eyes of the great God.'

"From the Hindoo scriptures: 'Heaven is a place with many doors, and each one may enter in his own way. There is another invisible, eternal existence, superior to the visible one, which does not perish when all things perish. Those who attain to this never return.'

"From the Buddhist scriptures: 'There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death when he leaves

this world. Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time, and leaves it again. The soul is myself. The body is only my dwelling-place.'

"From the Hebrew scriptures: 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting. Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it has passed, and as a watch in the night. Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hall? He that walketh uprightly, that worketh righteousness, and seeketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doth evil to his neighbor; he that sweareth not to his own hurt, nor taketh reward against the innocent; he that doth these things shall never be moved. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'

"From the Christian scriptures: 'Jesus said unto her, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' "

Edward J. Livernash of *The Examiner* staff, taking his place among the flowers by the head of the casket, spoke of the tender memory of the dead as it is cherished by his associates, one and all. He said:

"Again the great mystery; and again the solemn pause. A

modest, noble soul has slipped its moorings and crept out through the mist-banks into the Eternal—alone, as every soul must go,—out into the immortal sea that bore us hither, the unknown flood whose waves bear back to us who wait and yearn no sound, no sign.

"A modest soul! The man who wields a strong pen on an important paper, and more yet, the man who commands a corps of trained news-writers, and throws them this way and that, as a general his troops, exerts a tremendous influence for good or evil on individuals, communities and commonwealths. Our dead friend was such a man. He was one of his country's most able journalists—a great reporter; a graceful, forceful writer; a discriminating and fearless editor. His station was for years one of large power; and in the nature of things, his influence must have been vast. Comparatively few in the broad field he influenced had the felicity to know him; and his best work was the work the public sees and feels and acts upon, without knowing to a certainty who writes, who directs. But those who have knowledge of the facts well understand that day after day, for years and years, the force of his strong, sterling character has been affecting to a remarkable degree life in its personal relations and life in its relations to the state, especially here by the Sundown Sea. Large though his power, notable his talents, he remained always of the utmost simplicity; and self-esteem in narrow or offensive form, no man or woman ever found in him. The brilliant pen that has fallen from his hand never wrote a boastful, a vainglorious word. Full of generous appreciation of the work and worth of others, he was his own severest critic, and with a beautiful humility sought to hide his great merits from applause.

"A noble soul, with 'that chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound.' Over as gentle and sensitive a nature as God has given any man under these gray skies, our brother drew a mantle of cynicism; but oh, so clumsily that you could see the sweetness smiling through,

no matter how he frowned. The union of gentleness and strength, of scorn for baseness and charity for faults, was wonderfully fine. Within his calling his nobility made him a great power for good in all this Western world, greater than most of us easily realize. He stood invariably for clear-cut, fearless, honorable journalism — the journalism that is no respector of persons, no apologist for wealth, no oppressor of the poor — the journalism that contents some of us with the profession, and makes that profession a glory and a public and a private good. So, too, he stood as sturdily for generosity in general, and brought to bear a kindliness and tenderness beyond all expression — this though the while affecting gruffness of manner and coldness of purpose. He hated deceit; and were I asked to name his strongest quality, I should name his love of truth — a love

> Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
> And hangs on Dian's temple.

"It threw a broad, strong stream of character across Western journalism.

"We who knew him best, loved him most. His career was richly jeweled with 'those little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love,' the gentle Wordsworth ranked as the best portion of a good man's life; and his dominant characteristics were beautifully lovable — unselfishness, truth, bravery and above all, tenderness — for surely, surely, no eyes have given gentler glances than those now closed forever in the dreamless sleep.

"Yet a little while and the great, tired heart lulled to stillness by Death's calming touch, will be pearly ashes and such elements as whisper in woodland breezes, and live in the perfume of the violet and the wash of the sea and the freshness of dawn and the hush

of twilight. But not one of its fine throbs but will beat on and on, while feeling lives in those who came within the radius of its power. For myself, I do know that so long as memory holds a seat I'll often, often, think of my dear friend thoughts too deep for tears. Often and often, as the darkness falls, I'll long for the sound of a voice that is still. And when I do, he'll speak to me in spirit, and I'll see the old lovelight in his kindly eyes, and something of goodness will come to me because of him. And as with me, so with others who are here.

"And we who are left of his old circle will go on to the end the better for his having been; and one by one we'll write our last page of 'copy', 'report off', and slip away into the shadows that have closed around him.

"Whatever lies beyond the shadows, those of us who cling with love and faith to Jesus of Galilee, and those of us, if any such there be, who tearfully falter in faith and who think of death as a kind kissing shut of weary eyes—a sleep and a forgetting—must feel our friend secure. He prayeth well who serves. To me, take him for all in all, now that his life has passed, it seems 'like the ceasing of exquisite music.' Heaven will be kind to him.

"And now, old friend, dear comrade, for all who have loved you, I say 'Good bye — good bye! God! oh God! be good to Jake!' "

Mr. Leavitt concluded the services with a poem and prayer in these words:

I cannot think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
  They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
  Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart they place,
As when on earth they lived with me
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine
  What they to me have been;
Their love henceforth is sealed and signed,
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free,
For God hath given, to love and keep,
  Its own eternity.

"Almighty God, our heavenly Father, before whose sight all generations of men pass over to their rest, to Thee alone can we turn in this hour. Amid all life's joys, Thou art the same forever, and Thy years shall have no end. Thou art the source of all life; Thou art the power above all powers; thou art the Lord of death. We come to Thee with these empty hearts and with this loneliness and this sorrow, and we lay them at thy feet. Thou knowest all that we feel and all that we would say, and Thou canst comfort us with a love greater than the mother's love for her child. Touch these wounds with Thy hands of healing; send Thy pity to lighten our darkness; send Thy patience that we may bear this trial more bravely, and help us to be still.

"Grant, Almighty God, that these ties of affection which Thou hast given us to know can never perish, and that wherever this dear friend may go, he cannot be unmindful of us, and we no longer can be strangers to whatever lies beyond, since this dear friend has entered there to make it his home.

"And now, Almighty God, to Thee do we commit the spirit that Thou didst give. No longer can we care for him, but Thou wilt care

for him better than our love could do. By pastures green and by still waters into new realms of service wilt Thou lead him. Comfort and keep him, we pray Thee, and through ways unknown to us bring him ever nearer to Thy presence.

"We do not pray for him because we know that a man who loves the truth, and follows where the truth, as he honestly sees it, leads him, is safe in this world or in any other. We know that it is not what a man believes so much as what a man is that counts.

We thank Thee for anything of happiness that has come into our lives from this life, and as we commit his spirit to Thee, may we resolve that we be braver and work more earnestly in this world because such as he can no longer work here with us, grasp us by the hand and give us new confidence. Send us all back to our lives more ready to serve and love Thee, as though in this mysterious presence we have learned something of the deeper meaning of life, and finally persuade us that 'neither life nor death nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate any of us from the love of God,' who is our heavenly Father.

"Now, the Lord God Almighty, bless, preserve and keep us; the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace this day, now and forever.

"For as much as it has pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our brother departed, we therefore commit his body to ashes, earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, in the hope that as he has borne the image of the earthy, so also he may bear the image of the heavenly."

Mr. Dressler's friends were then permitted to take a final look at the remains before the body was committed to the crematorium.

Among the floral offerings was a piece from the *Call* staff made in the form of a front page of the paper, appropriately inscribed.

The *Chronicle* staff sent a representation in the form of a roll of paper inscribed with the numerals "30," used in the newspaper world to signify that the last copy of the paper is in. The *Post* staff remembered Mr. Dressler with a beautiful floral pillow.

One of the touching and impressive testimonials of the esteem in which Mr. Dressler was held by all who knew him came from the Brotherhood of Elks. Though not a member of the order the San Francisco lodge sent a beautiful pillow inscribed with the word "Rest".

Mr. Dressler's friends on the Chicago *American* and the New York *American* and *Journal*, with whom he worked before they were called to Mr. Hearst's other papers, sent appropriate offerings, and from his boyhood home in Oroville came orange blossoms, magnolias and roses. Many people past middle age, who had known Mr. Dressler in his boyhood, who had known of his fortitude and his struggles and of his constant devotion to his widowed mother, attended the funeral and mingled their tears with those of his friends of later years.

In addition to those mentioned beautiful floral offerings were sent by the following: Miss Claire Canavan, Frank J. Moffitt, Isaac Trumbo, M. A. Newell, Thomas McCaleb, Robert J. Northam, Ernest Hacquette, Guy L. Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Glass, the Chicago *American*, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Williams, Alex Greggians, Theodore Goodman, George Palmer, A. Dixon, Samuel H. Daniels, F. H. Bushnell, the Orpheum, the Grand Opera House, John Flynn. W. E. Dargie, W. J. Sullivan, E. F. Moran, Dr. A. P. O'Brien, James P. Dunne, Peter J. Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bacon, Miss Katherine Lynch, Miss Katie Mann, Mrs. N. O. Mack, Joseph S. Jordan, L. M. Johnston, Miss Kittie Sheehy, Clarence H. Warren, W. H. Cameron, Thomas Garrett, E. L. Gruener, Samuel and Marion Dowsett, Charles L. Asher, James W. Coffroth,

I. Deutch, George K. Hooper, Louis Sloss Jr., Edward and Harry Dimond. Members of *The Examiner* staff sent a great many remembrances and there were others from unknown friends, who took this means of testifying to their admiration and love for Mr. Dressler.

He was a man

Who could espy the merit of his friend without envy.

1933
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[Davidson George]

IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS EDWARDS SLEVIN, LL.D.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS EDWARDS SLEVIN, LL.D.

Born at Somerset, Ohio, April 7th, 1837.

Died at San Francisco, California, November 7th, 1894.

The modest yet earnest and studious character of Dr. Slevin ever impressed his friends with the depth of his knowledge, the integrity of his views as a citizen, and the happiness of his home life. He shrank from the public exhibition of a learning which was founded upon early and continued study, and broadened by persistent and critical reading.

In his early youth, his parents removed to Philadelphia, where his education was continued at private schools. Subsequently he filled the course of study at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Maryland, and graduated therefrom in June, 1855, with the highest honors.

After his academic course, he decided to study law, and spent four and a half years at the University of Louvain, Belgium, receiving the degree of LL.D. in 1860, being the first American who had taken the degree from that University, out of many who attempted the course. On his return to New York, whither his parents had moved, he did not begin the practice of his profession, on account of the

D.D. 11-9-17

unsettled condition of the country during the civil war, and later he entered mercantile life with his father.

In 1870 Dr. Slevin married Mlle. Marie C. Bruguière, of New York City, and in 1877 he determined to make his home in California. Soon after his arrival he was appointed cashier of the San Francisco Gas Light Company, which position he held for seventeen years, and was at his post of duty three days before his death. The company has given official and personal recognition to his upright and estimable character, and the efficiency he exhibited in the management of those of its affairs which were entrusted to him.

One of his fellow students at Louvain was the present Archbishop of San Francisco, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, and from him the Council have received the following expression of his estimation of Dr. Slevin's sterling qualities:

"My acquaintance with him covers a period of "over thirty years, beginning at the University of "Louvain and ending at his death. During all these "years he was ever the same industrious, modest "student, the honest, truthful and upright Christian "gentleman. As a young man, seeking knowledge "at the great University, and as a man of mature "years, he lived a life of principle. He believed in "the Christian religion, and acted in conformity with "its teachings and obligations. I knew him when "he was rich, and I knew him when he was poor.

" I was more attached to him in the days of his " straitened circumstances than in the days of afflu- " ence, and appreciated him more. He never re- " gretted what had been lost, but went on with his " studies and his daily work with a cheerfulness and " patience which I have rarely witnessed."

Dr. Slevin was one of the founders of the Geographical Society of the Pacific, and for thirteen years never missed a meeting of the Council or Society, except the last before his death. In view of his active services and co-operation in the diffusion of geographical knowledge among men, the Council of the Society have given expression to their estimation of his character in the following report:

" The Council of the Geographical Society of the Pacific have been deeply affected by the announcement of the sudden death of First Vice-President Thomas E. Slevin, LL. D., who has been so intimately associated with the Society since its organization in 1881.

" The Council always welcomed him for his kind and hearty interest in their business meetings, and the whole Society greeted his genial presence and earnestness with respect and affection.

" Dr. Slevin was one of the best scholars upon this coast, deeply interested in the history of the early discoveries and explorations of North America, and gave the wealth of his investigations in the discussions and in the papers which he prepared for the instruction of the Society.

"He gave his best thoughts to the material and intellectual success of the Society, and impressed all with the uprightness and integrity of his character.

"He was brave unto death; he had known his summons for two years, and yet he never wavered from his self-imposed duties, nor betrayed a symptom of disquietude. He was thoroughly self-contained during this period within the shadow of death.

"The Council feel how inadequately words express the great loss which has befallen the Society, and the dreadful bereavement which has fallen upon his family. He was a devoted husband and father, and the Council extend to his wife and children the deepest sympathy in this, their hour of sorrow and affliction."

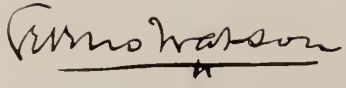
The Council have directed that this expression of his worth be entered upon the records of the Society, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the late First Vice-President.

San Francisco, California, November 14, 1894.

GEORGE DAVIDSON,
President.

JOHN PARTRIDGE, Secretary.

DUTTON & PARTRIDGE, PRINT., S. I.



BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

SERENO WATSON,

1820-1892.

BY

WILLIAM H. BREWER.

Read before the National Academy of Sciences,
November 17, 1903.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF SERENO WATSON.

Sereno Watson was the eighth son and ninth child in the family of thirteen children of Henry and Julia (Reed) Watson. He was born December 1, 1820, at East Windsor Hill, Connecticut, became a member of this Academy in April, 1889, and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 9, 1892.

His parents were both of New England stock. His father descended from Robert Watson, who emigrated from the city of London and became one of the earliest settlers of Windsor, the oldest town in the state of Connecticut and the earliest permanent settlement in the valley of the Connecticut River. His descendants are still numerous in that region and are widely distributed elsewhere. The family has furnished a considerable number of persons of eminent ability in various vocations and activities in this country. His mother was a daughter of Dr. Elisha Reed, also of East Windsor Hill.

His father, Henry Watson, had been in earlier life a merchant, and on the death of his father, John Watson, retired to the ancestral farm near the village and there spent the latter years of his life. On this farm Sereno Watson spent his boyhood and developed that vigorous physique which was an important factor in his ultimately successful career.

This portion of the valley of the Connecticut is one of great beauty and fertility and is especially attractive. East Windsor Hill is the name given to a district with ill-defined geographical limits and without a separate municipal existence. It might be described as a country village and its surrounding farming neighborhood. It was originally a part of the old town of Windsor, but as population increased the town was divided and subdivided again and again. It was a part of East Windsor when Sereno was born, but for the last half century or more it has been a part of the town of South Windsor. The population is largely concentrated along a great thoroughfare—the old road which runs upon the second terrace which skirts the valley for many miles. East Windsor Hill is the swell of ground and table of terrace lying between the Scantic River on the north

and Taylor brook on the south, two streams which cut into the terrace on the eastern side of the river, and some seven or eight miles northeasterly from Hartford. Here the wide street, adorned with several rows of trees, becomes a country village, with its pretty residences and gardens, and with post-office, shops, stores, etc., and, not the least important, East Windsor Hill Academy, where Sereno prepared for college.

In this neighborhood his ancestors had lived from the earliest settlement of this state, and, combining the quietude and industry of the farm with the business activities of a country village of those days, Henry Watson had lived on the main street in the village for some years, and removed into the country soon after the birth of Sereno. Amid these beautiful surroundings, on a farm endeared by family traditions, his youth was passed. The environment of his early life was peculiarly well suited to those tastes and faculties which ultimately turned his activities into scientific paths. No other industrial vocation is so favorable for the cultivation in youth of habits of observation, industry, and quiet study as is the life and work on an American farm. It was peculiarly adapted to his constitutional peculiarities.

He was by nature excessively diffident, retiring, reticent, and silent. He possessed keen powers of observation, a love of nature and nature study, combined with an excellent physique. He prepared for college at the East Windsor Hill Academy and entered Yale College in the spring of 1844, at the beginning of the third term of freshman year. His time there was quietly and studiously spent. He was so retiring that most of his classmates carried away with them only the college memories that he was of gentle and retiring disposition, and that he was a diligent student with a taste for the classics. The college records show that he took prizes in Latin composition and Latin translations, and he appears to have been what students now call "a good all-around man" in his studies. He did not room in the college buildings on the campus where the student life was mostly concentrated, but in private houses on quiet streets, and made comparatively few intimate college acquaintances.

He graduated in 1847, in his twenty-first year of age. This class has given to American botany two other earnest students, Professor Henry Griswold Jessup, of Dartmouth College, and

John Donnell Smith, of Baltimore, widely known for his investigations of the flora of Guatemala.

For many years after graduation his excessive diffidence stood sadly in the way of satisfactory success in any of the several vocations he attempted to pursue. These traits kept him in obscurity, and no one knew it better than he, as letters to his relatives and to some of his classmates abundantly show. Had he died twenty years after his graduation the world of science would never have heard of him, and most of his college mates would have considered his life a failure. He attended most of the meetings of his class during his lifetime. He greatly enjoyed these meetings, but there, as elsewhere, he was a man of few words.

He was continually conscious of his extreme diffidence and its repressing effect. In a letter to a relative in 1851 he says that "on leaving college I knew not what to do. I had no predilection for any of the professions," and that the only way that seemed open to him was teaching school. After graduation he remained at home three months ("on the anxious seat," as he later wrote a classmate), and then, from December, 1847, to April, 1848, he taught school at Scantic, in the town of East Windsor, Connecticut, and studied medicine with Dr. Watson of that place. From April to November of that year he taught school and continued the study of medicine at Flushing, Long Island. From November, 1848, to April, 1849, he taught at Warren, Rhode Island. It was the custom at that time for medical students to pursue their studies mostly in the private offices and under the direction of practicing physicians, and then supplement such instruction by lectures at some medical college. Accordingly, after leaving Warren, Rhode Island, he studied medicine with Dr. T. Sill, of Windsor, until November, 1849, then until March, 1850, attended lectures at the medical school of the University of New York, and then, as he told a friend, "left with a much diminished respect for medical practitioners and professors in general, apart from medicine itself, which is a noble profession." He resumed teaching in March, 1850, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and in 1851 taught in Tarrytown, New York.

But his innate diffidence clung to him, teaching remained distasteful, and he went to farming again in his native place.

In 1852 his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Julius A. Reed, of Davenport, Iowa, one of the founders and a trustee of Iowa College, invited him to that institution, where he remained two years as tutor.

Before he had gone to Iowa, an elder brother, Dr. Louis Watson, a physician, in practice in Quincy, Illinois, had invited him to study in his office and enter practice in that town. He went there in July, 1854, studied with this brother, and entered on the practice of medicine and handled his cases well. But the practice was probably distasteful to him, for he gave it up in 1856, much to the regret of some of his patients. He then went to Greensboro, Alabama, as secretary of the Planters' Insurance Company, of which his eldest brother, Henry Watson, was president. He remained there until after the war broke out, in 1861, and then came north and was engaged with Dr. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, Connecticut, in literary work, chiefly on the *Journal of Education*. When Dr. Barnard went to Washington as Commissioner of Education this service ceased, and in January, 1866, at the age of forty, Mr. Watson entered the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and pursued the studies of chemistry and mineralogy. He worked very diligently in these studies for about a year, but botany formed no part of his instruction while there. He was so much older than the other students that he held little intercourse with them and made no acquaintances other than those of persons he necessarily met.

When and where he began the study of botany is unknown, but most probably it was in connection with his medical studies and soon after he left college. He collected and determined plants when living in Illinois and in Alabama, and it is very probable that during many years he pursued botany in an amateur way for the pleasure it gave him and as a congenial recreation.

He sailed for California by way of Panama, probably in March, 1867, and apparently without definite plans for the future, further than that he hoped to find there a more congenial occupation than he had found East.

While in the laboratory of Yale the previous year, Californian matters were much talked about. The writer had recently become a professor in the Scientific School, coming there from the State Geological Survey of California, on which he had been at

work from 1860 as first assistant. Clarence King, who had also been an assistant on the same survey, spent part of that winter in New Haven, dividing his time between this place and Washington, where he was inducing Congress to institute a topographical and geological survey of a belt of land along the route of the Pacific railroad (then under construction) from California to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Watson must have known something about this, but if it had any influence whatever in his going to California, it was very indirect and remote. He never spoke to the writer on the matter, and he never saw Mr. King until the next year, when he went to the camp of the surveying party in Nevada.

He had been faithful and diligent in every work he had tried to do, in a wide variety of vocations and several localities, and other activities were offered him. During the year before he left for California, his friend, Mr. Barnard, wished his assistance in the U. S. Department of Education at Washington, to which he had been called. He declined this as he did other offers—one of going into the drug business at Selma, another inducement to buy a sawmill and go into the lumber business at Mobile—and we know not how many other things.

The facts appear to be that all these were distasteful to him, and it is probable that when he went to California he had no definite plan or place in view, but he simply hoped that he might find there some work that was more congenial to his tastes and less hindered by his retiring nature. Several things indicate that he had in his mind vague possibilities of settling on a ranch. A letter written to a friend from San Francisco, April 28, 1867, shows that he had had the matter of going to California on his mind for some time; that he had "been ready to start on short notice, but one thing after another turned up which involved the possibility of my not coming at all, so I was kept in a state of uncertainty and not able to say whether I was coming here or not;" and that "one Friday I found myself clear of all questions of the kind and, to give no more time for any more to come, I determined to take the steamer which sailed on Monday." He hastily packed, hurried to New York the next day, and immediately sailed. He says at that writing that he had "no idea of going to the mines," and that he was as yet "unsettled and do not know where I will be nor at what busi-

ness." He was at Sacramento a few days later. He spent two or three months in the Sacramento valley, and when at Woodville he heard that the expedition under Clarence King had started across the mountains. He resolved to join it.

From the terminus of the railroad he set out alone and on foot, crossed the Sierra Nevada, and found his way to the camp of the party, which was then on the Truckee River below the present town of Wadsworth. The trip had been a hard one and he was unused to mountains and deserts. He reached the camp weary, dust-covered, and so footsore with his hard tramp that he carried his heavy boots with his luggage over his shoulder. The camp men were struck with his appearance and condition as he inquired for Mr. King, and he in turn was taken aback by the very youthful appearance of the commander of the party. He brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Barnard, whom Mr. King had known in Hartford, and was so earnestly anxious to join the expedition that, if there was no scientific work for him, he offered to accept any position the camp offered. He was engaged to assist in topography, observe barometer, and "make himself generally useful" in such ways as he could. He entered on this new career as a "volunteer" with "wages nominal," his official rank and duties sufficiently vague to include a vast range of possibilities.

Mr. W. W. Bailey (now professor of botany in Brown University) was the botanist in charge, but he was already weakened by fever and could illy withstand the hardships and labor of collecting in a desert region. Watson began to assist him in the care of the collections and to collect plants in connection with the topographical work assigned him. He had already a general knowledge of botany and some specific knowledge of the flora of several regions east of the Mississippi River, but the plants of that dry and partly desert country were all new to him and intensely interested him.

After twenty years of struggle, with numerous discouragements in the several vocations he had attempted and the mental discomforts which his innate diffidence had caused him, he had at last found the work for which, of all others, nature had fitted him and which fate had reserved for him. It was especially congenial to his tastes and mental peculiarities, and, moreover, his great physical strength and powers of endurance were important

factors in his success in the exploration of the country he was now in. His untiring diligence, his keen observation of plants, his uncomplaining endurance of the many discomforts and hardships of desert campaigning, soon gave evidence of his zeal in scientific work, and his patient, kind, and gentle personality soon endeared him to the whole camp.

Camp life and exploration work were entirely new to him, and his early experiences would have exhausted the patience and repressed the zeal of most men. The camp mule, which he had to learn to pack and ride, was not the least of the new discoveries awaiting him. The nature of the difficulties to which camp life introduced him contributed to the amusement of his new acquaintances, who were all well seasoned to such work, but the calm patience with which these difficulties were overcome inspired respect at first and admiration later.

Mr. King, commander of the expedition, has said of him: "He impressed me as a man of work, grimly and conscientiously in earnest. * * * He smiled only as a forced concession to humor. * * * Everything pertaining to his duty was sacred. * * * He soon learned to ride, and after the first anxieties regarding his duties had worn off, he began to enjoy the campaign life and the weird scenery of the region with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Bailey became more and more subject to camp illness and at last gave up and went home to the East. * * * I then installed Watson in charge of the botany. He was then as nearly perfectly happy as I have ever seen a human being. * * * When the hereditary New England grimness vanished from his face and he wore a free, careless air, * * * the general tone was calmly happy, and so I believe he remained till his connection with the Fortieth Parallel Survey ceased."

His actual botanical career began July 16 in the valley of the Truckee River, where he began collecting plants along with his other work. He soon proved himself to be an eminently useful man to the party, and at the end of his first month he was placed on a permanent footing in the service. He remained technically in the topographical section until the next year, and was botanist only by virtue of that vague duty he assumed, on first joining the party, to "make himself useful in such ways as he could." That wider duty was a natural outcome of his innate

kindness. It had been learned much earlier, and was never forgotten to the end of his life.

His collecting that year was in the western part of Nevada, and he wintered with the party in Carson City. Meanwhile Mr. Bailey's health grew worse. He resigned and returned to the Eastern States in March, 1868, and Dr. Watson was appointed to succeed him as "Botanist in Charge." This was technically the beginning of his professional career as a botanist.

His collecting in 1868 began in the Carson valley in April. Early in May the party took the field again and worked eastward from the Washoe through the Trinity, West Humboldt, Havallah, and the several other mountain ranges to Ruby River, and from there the East Humboldt Mountains were explored, and thence eastward through the intervening ranges to Ogden, in the Salt Lake valley.

In the spring of 1869 his collecting began at Salt Lake, the party working eastward into the Wasatch, Uintah, and other ranges of the Rocky Mountains. At the close of his field work in autumn, he went to New Haven, Connecticut, and immediately began work on his report at the herbarium of Professor Daniel C. Eaton, of Yale University.

In a letter written soon after to a botanical friend, he says: "My work is at Professor Eaton's house, where all my plants are. I spend from two to twelve hours a day upon them and it is going to be an everlasting job to work them up. It is the best and the largest collection that has ever been brought in by any government party and promises to yield a fair proportion of new species." He continued the work here about a year, and late in 1870 went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the Gray Herbarium of Harvard University, where he finished his report in August, 1871, and it was immediately issued.

This report constitutes the fifth volume of the publications of the "United States Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel," under the charge of Clarence King. It is a quarto volume of 578 pages, 426 of which constitute a descriptive "Catalogue of the Known Plants of Nevada and Utah," with descriptions of such as do not occur east of the Mississippi River. It is therefore a systematic and descriptive botany of a broad belt of country from the great plains across the Rocky Mountains and the Great

Basin to the Sierra Nevada. It contains a map of the region, and many of the descriptions of new species are illustrated by full plates. The catalogue embraces 1,325 species and is preceded by a general description of the climatic and physiographic features of the region and a study of the distribution of these species in regard to their varied and interesting environment, along with notes and observations on the effects of these conditions on the growth and habits of the plants, which conditions are very unlike those of any region east of the Mississippi River.

The publication of this volume may be said to have constituted an epoch in the history of the botanical literature of this country in that it was the first descriptive list of species of the whole known flora of any region of western North America. There was an immense literature relating to it, but it was all fragmentary and was distractingly scattered as to publication. There was not even a published list of the mere names of all the plants known to occur in any state, territory, or even county west of the great plains. The present writer begun collecting in California in 1860, and in 1864 had begun the preparation of the "Botany of California," but this work went on intermittently and was not completed until nine years after this "Catalogue" was printed, and then only by Dr. Watson's aid. He had by that time become much more familiar with the details of the flora of the western United States than any other botanist.

From the time when he was appointed the official botanist of the expedition by Clarence King, in 1868, until his death, he devoted himself continuously and most industriously to botany, although for several years after ceasing his connection with the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel he had no official position as botanist. He remained, however, at the Gray Herbarium and continued botanical work, beginning immediately a most valuable series of "Contributions to American Botany," the first of which appeared in 1873, the last in 1891, but a few months before his death. There were eighteen of these "Contributions," the first appearing in the *American Naturalist*, most of the others in the Proceedings of the American Academy, at Boston, of which society he had become a member.

These "Contributions" extended over nearly twenty years, the work being carried on while attending to other duties. New collections were continually coming in for his examina-

tion. Some of the results were published in special "Reports," while the "Contributions" contained odds and ends of various others and many side questions that arose incident to this work. They also include the elaboration and reports of various special collections; hence they are very varied in their character; but every one bears evidence of his great capacity for patient and critical work. He possessed to an eminent degree a most extensive knowledge of minor details along with the faculty of seeing their relations to the broader generalizations involved. Thus it came that the series included revisions of several whole families of plants, so far as they were represented in the North American flora, and of more than a score of genera distributed through other families. Hundreds of new species were described, new light thrown on a multitude of others, and innumerable puzzles were cleared up. They constitute a storehouse of information pertaining to American systematic botany, and every succeeding worker in this field has been greatly aided and helped by it. Perhaps no other series of publications representing so much similar work has ever been published which has called forth so little criticism. All showed painstaking care, and hasty judgment has never been imputed to him.

His "Bibliographical Index to North American Botany," the first volume of which appeared in 1878, illustrates better, perhaps, than anything else he did, his faculty for critical work in taxonomy, along with his wonderful capacity for patient drudgery in its accomplishment. It also played a directly important part in his subsequent botanical career.

With the publication of his first work he stepped suddenly into the very front rank of systematic botanists. He was before totally unknown in the botanical world except to the very few botanists who had personally known him during the preparation of the volume. He had kept hidden behind his innate reticence, and when his official connection with the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel ceased he was in a sense again thrown upon the world. He loved botany for its own sake; but, however deep this love, the old proverb that "love don't make the pot boil" applies to botanists as it does to other men. Professor Gray, then in his sixty-second year, and overburdened with his constantly increasing labors and responsibilities, was very anxious to retain Dr. Watson at the Herbarium and Botanical

Garden of Harvard University, but the means then at the command of the Botanical Department did not warrant an "appointment." Professor Gray, however, asked him to remain as his private assistant while he cast about for the means of tiding over the period until the hoped-for time should come when he might be taken on the official staff of the university. The preparation of the Index enabled this to be brought about.

The writer was then at work in the preparation of the botany of California. His work and that of Dr. Watson had much in common. Geographically they covered adjoining regions having many physiographic and climatic features in common. Many of the species were the same. The literature relating to them was the same, except, that pertaining to California was much greater, more scattered, and more difficult of access. No list of the western species had ever been assembled or collated, but now it had to be done, so far as these adjacent regions were involved. Each of us had begun this in his own way as a necessary tool in the production of his local flora, but on different plans. The writer's plan for the Californian species was the easier and simpler, being merely an alphabetical index of the names and synonyms with reference to publication and habitat. Dr. Watson in his list had included notes on botanical characters and systematic classification. The writer discussed with Professor Gray the desirability of an alphabetical index of references to all the species west of the Mississippi River and the value of these two lists as a good beginning in such a work. The result of various conferences on the matter was that the writer corresponded with botanists on the subject and raised by subscription a sum of money large enough to warrant Dr. Watson's remaining at Cambridge for at least a year or two and beginning this compilation. Had this work been confined to the limits originally considered, it might have been finished; but even then almost any one but him would have shrunk from it.

The plants of western North America had long attracted attention. Menzies, Haenke, Née, Mociño, and others had collected plants along the coast as early as the eighteenth century, and in the next fifty years more than a score of other botanical collectors had visited some part of the region. Botanists accompanying expeditions from nearly all the civilized countries

had botanized along the whole coast. Nuttall had crossed the continent, numerous collectors had penetrated far inland, commercial botanists and seed collectors had been numerous and busy. The collections had been distributed into many herbaria and the seeds to many botanical gardens; and the new species found were described here and there in many sorts of publications scattered over Europe and America. Probably no single library in the world had all this literature.

With the acquisition of California and the settlement of the Oregon question, the discovery of gold in California, and the consequent rush of miners and emigrants to the West, the plant collecting had been greatly stimulated. More than sixty government expeditions of our own country had been into this region before the preparation of the Botany of California was begun; many of them had botanists attached; numerous collections had been examined and the results published in separate reports. So it is not strange that, though most of the species had been already described, when a new collection was made no one knew whether all its species had been described or, if so, when and where published. Of course, a burdensome and conflicting synonymy had arisen. Many of the species had a wide range in latitude. Mexican species from the south met Alaskan species from the north and had been described from both countries along with species collected in other lands.

To collect the American portions into one reference list would be an immense work, and in whatever shape published the labor must be tedious, time-consuming, uninteresting clerical drudgery. Dr. Watson did not shrink from this. He knew well what a boon it would be to all future systematic botanists of the country. He would extend its scope and usefulness, and thus the Index grew on his hands. It contained an alphabetical list of western plant names, but that was only a necessary part of the greater Index of all the recorded species of North America, with bibliographic references and a chronological arrangement of the synonymy. Only Part I, Polypetalæ (1878), was published. Although never completed, this small volume is probably more used for reference by American systematic botanists than any other work he wrote.

Late in 1873 he began to aid the writer on the botany of California. The next year a few liberal citizens of San Francisco

provided means for its publication, the printing was soon begun, and in 1875 the writer, being unable to carry on the work longer, turned over all the material to him. The first volume appeared in 1876, the second in 1880. This was the first complete systematic botany to be issued of any part of western America.

His official connection with Harvard University began June 29, 1874, when he was appointed "Curator of the Gray Herbarium," which office he held until his death. In 1881 he was appointed "Instructor in Phytology," which office he held two years. From 1872, as the assistant of Professor Gray, he had much to do with the care of the Botanical Garden, and part of the time was practically its manager; but this came by virtue of his helpful nature and his relations to Professor Gray rather than by office under the corporation.

With the assistance of Professor John M. Coulter, Professor Gray had begun a revision of his "Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States," which was brought to a sudden close by his death in January, 1888, and the transfer of his copyrights to Harvard University. The revision was then assigned to Dr. Watson, with Professor Coulter, and was published in 1889–1890.

Without further reference to the varied character of Dr. Watson's other work, it is sufficient to state that the list of his publications appended to this sketch of his life amounts to about a hundred titles; but this is only a feeble indication of their actual amount. A number of the "Contributions" and other titles consist of several sections, each of which would have been a valuable paper of itself if published separately, and this would possibly have been done by any one more anxious for posthumous fame. About twenty of his titles were published in the Proceedings of the American Academy at Boston, over forty were contributed to seven or eight different scientific periodicals, six appeared as government publications, and the remainder in various other ways.

His place in the ranks of American botanists is well defined. He stood in the first rank in his special field—the Phænogamic portion of the Systematic Botany of North America. His work on mosses was first class, so far as it went, but it was relatively very limited, and his ramblings in other botanical fields, though varied, were not extensive. It was the quantity and quality of

his original work in his own field that gave him his position. He was as conscientious as he was diligent, and his botanical work was done with the same sense of moral and religious duty that he carried into all the concerns of his private life. He did not work for fame or reward. He loved to work, he believed it was man's duty to work, and whatever he did he felt should be done truthfully and well; hence the laborious care with which his studious observations were made and through which he arrived at his conclusions. His own intellectual instincts were supplemented by college studies along the old line of a definite curriculum, and his literary ability further trained by his earlier work as teacher and that with Dr. Barnard on the *Journal of Education*. He was by nature a man of few words; the style of his descriptive botany is terse, clear, and sharp, leaving but small chance of dispute as to its meaning. Imperfections due to youth had worn off in the various vocations he had pursued previous to his botanical career, which was begun with mature judgment. By nature not given to hasty conclusions, his acquired habits of patient, diligent study, his reticent ways—all these, as well as other factors, combined to give him great aptitude for botanical work, while the amount and quality of that work gave him a name and fame in the world of science. It is the kind of work that endures.

In the revolutionary disturbances in the field of botanical nomenclature pertaining to sequences and synonymy, that came on during his later years, he naturally took a conservative position. His mental constitution, his critical study of the American flora, both as to the plants themselves and the names that had been given them, the enormous amount of work he had done in handling names while preparing his Index of North American Botany, the maturity of his judgment—all tended toward conservatism in the matter. With him botany was the science of plants. Names were necessary for their classification as means to an end, and when a name had been long and reasonably well established, he questioned the wisdom of new and radical changes founded on the theory that hereafter language might be rendered stable by establishing new rules. Changes in classification may and doubtless will occur in the further evolution of botanical science as our knowledge of plants increases and the genetic history of their species is better known. Such evolution of the

science will no doubt necessitate changes in many specific names he created or used. To such changes he would be the last to object. But they will in no way or degree undo his work or set it aside. That was chiefly a critical study of the plants themselves, and it will remain an enduring contribution to our stock of knowledge, and his name and fame as a master of systematic botany will endure.

The last twenty-one years of his life were spent at Cambridge. Its quiet was broken by only three trips of any considerable length. In 1880 he made a trip into the Northwest in connection with the forest work of the Tenth Census. In 1885 he went on a collecting tour to Guatemala. In 1886, in company with his colleague, Professor George L. Goodale, he traveled three months in Europe, a most restful and beneficial trip to him, as well as a very enjoyable one.

The personal peculiarities which so suppressed him in early life were not serious hindrances in his later and happier botanical career. His innate reticence remained to the end, and it often seemed repellent to strangers and others not in his intimate acquaintance. Owing to this, his warm personal friendships were relatively few compared to what they might have been had he courted acquaintance or even met strangers with the cordiality which really existed in his heart. As it was, all who knew him closely, not merely esteemed him, but held him in affection. Those who knew him best loved him most. Professors Gray and Goodale, the two university colleagues who were in the more direct official relations with him, perhaps enjoyed his closest friendship. The latter says of him:

"Those who were engaged in neighboring fields of botanical investigation knew him as a faithful friend of few words. He was observed to carry on his researches in silence, seldom alluding to any special task in hand until it drew near completion, and even then only briefly. He was always ready to interrupt his studies to assist others in theirs. He would enter with unconcealed pleasure into the plans of others, but without ever speaking of his own. Hence it happens that his intimate friends, when called upon to speak in his memory, think first of the reserve and silence in which he worked."

He was, both by instinct and training, a student and a lover of nature. He loved study for its own sake, and he loved plants

because they were plants, and studied them with the keenest interest as well as with acute powers of observation. He was also by nature a calm and patient man, and these characteristics had been intensified by his religious convictions, and trained during the discouraging struggles of his earlier years. This calm patience kept with him to the end; it was seen in every phase of his work. Nothing excited him, nothing ruffled him, nothing disturbed him. The most monotonous clerical drudgery was not shirked, but calmly and uncomplainingly pursued. In the study he would stop his work to help another, kindly and graciously; in the field even the government mule did not anger him, his calm, patient persistence always overcoming the difficulties. Through all his early discouragements it is not known that he was ever despondent.

He talked none about himself and but little about his work, either while doing it or later. Sometimes the publication of an important paper would be the first intimation that he was at work upon it to any but his immediate associates, and all this silence was without any intentional concealment. It was merely a result of his silent ways and unobtrusive nature.

He did not shun company, but he did shun taking any public part or in any way being placed personally conspicuous. He attended the meetings of his college class whenever he could, and enjoyed them as silently as was possible. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the American Academy in Boston, but his botanical papers, which enrich the Proceedings, were read by title; some short and less technical ones were read by the secretary. He attended a few meetings of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington with much pleasure, but he took no part in discussion at any public meeting.

He was a member of many scientific societies at home and abroad and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Iowa University.

He was a member of the Congregational Church and a faithful attendant. One of his classmates, a clergyman, says of him:

"His was one of those true and gentle natures that can always be trusted." * * * "In the family he was self-denying and very thoughtful of the interests of others, doing many a kind act, the recipient of which knowing nothing of the source from which it came." * * * "He was a man of decidedly relig-

ious character, though he could seldom be induced to take any public part in religious exercises. He was fond of his church, and for years instructed in a Bible class." * * * "He believed that he must work while the day lasted and with no reference to reward except the knowledge that he had done what he could. I doubt whether he ever thought of posthumous fame."

He was never married. About the middle of December, 1891, he was attacked with the epidemic influenza then prevailing in Cambridge, and which became complicated with dilatation of the heart. For some weeks his recovery seemed possible, and he often talked with hopeful longing of soon returning to work; but he grew weaker and weaker, until he peacefully passed away on the morning of March 9, 1892, in his sixty-sixth year. He was buried in the Harvard College lot in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, at Cambridge.

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Memorial

Commemorative of the
Life and Services of

Samuel M. Wilson

Adopted and ordered printed by the
Bar Association of San Francisco,
August 13, 1892.

In Memoriam

SAMUEL M. WILSON.

DEATH has again entered the ranks of the profession, and this time has claimed for victim not only a leader, but in some respects the most remarkable man among those who have made the Bar of San Francisco distinctively illustrious. Becoming a member of that Bar in the very early days, for nearly forty years he figured prominently in its legal controversies, and had finally reached the distinction of being, at the time of his death, at the head of the profession in California. Nor was this distinction grudgingly conceded him by the members of his own profession, or by them alone, but by both lawyer and layman the concession was unanimous and cheerfully bestowed. He attained this high rank by his great natural abilities united with qualities of professional character of the highest order of excellence, and supplemented by a patience and industry seldom surpassed.

Like many of the noted men of our country he was born and grew up in the great West, and like them he had something of the bigness and freshness of his environment, and also like them he had that flexi-

bility and plasticity which enabled him to easily adapt himself to that environment, and thus to put to the greatest possible use the exceptional abilities with which nature had endowed him. This was illustrated, in a professional way, by his immediate mastery of our Practice Act on his entrance to the California Bar, which, as having been taken from New York, was entirely unlike anything to which he had been theretofore accustomed. So complete was this mastery, that in the early days he was frequently taken to be a New York lawyer by those who were not acquainted with his origin and life.

Mr. Wilson, until within a few years before his death, had enjoyed perfect health, but an attack of rheumatism, some years ago, brought on an enforced retirement from the most active part of his work. His recovery, however, seemed to be perfect, and on the resumption of his professional labors, there remained scarcely any perceptible traces of his illness. Shortly after his recovery from this illness, he made an extended tour of Europe and Egypt, returning to San Francisco in the month of October, 1891.

On his return he found many weighty matters awaiting him, and immediately, with all his old time ardor, he plunged into work. Those who came in personal contact with him in these last days of his life were struck with the clearness, no less than with

the vigor, of his mind, and with his enthusiasm, as well, which years and occasional illness seemed to be without power to abate. He argued causes in the Supreme Court with the same force and skill as of old, and but recently led in an important land case which took several weeks to try, and which embraced the most intricate and puzzling detail, and was engaged in the trial of another one at the time of his death, leaving its trial unfinished. Nothing seemed to indicate that the end of this busy life was near; no token was given of the breaking of the golden bowl, the loosening of the silver cord; so far as outward seeming showed, a score of years might still be his; and yet, at the very moment the great lawyer and advocate was pleading for the rights of his client, Atropos stood by his side with her inevitable shears, determined, in but a few days more, to cut the thread of his life.

The fatal day came on the third of June, 1892. This day he spent in his office hard at work at those things which fell to his hand to do, and feeling no premonition of what was so soon to happen. Early in the afternoon he began to experience some discomfort, and for that reason left his office at an earlier hour than usual; but on passing into the street his discomfort increased, and he thereupon called a carriage in which he was taken to his home in a state of

exhaustion. He soon rallied, however, sufficiently to converse intelligently upon his condition, and to regret that he should be giving anyone trouble on his account; but the rally was of short duration, and he expired early on Saturday morning, about ten hours after the fatal seizure, retaining his mental faculties up to nearly the very last moment.

The life, thus suddenly ended, was begun at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 12th day of August, 1823. The boy went to school at the Old Grove Academy at that place, and left its halls to make a way and place for himself. He naturally took to the law, and was fortunate in having an uncle in the profession with whom to study. This was Gen. Samuel Stokeley, who was a member of Congress, and with whom he remained until 1844 when he was admitted to practice. Soon after this he removed to Galena, Illinois, and there formed a partnership with the late Judge J. P. Hoge. In 1853 the partners came to San Francisco, and here continued their partnership for eleven years. In 1866, Mr. Wilson formed a partnership with A. P. Crittenden, which continued until the latter's death in 1870. In 1874, Mr. Russell J. Wilson was taken into partnership with his father, and in 1882, another son, Mountford S. Wilson, became associated in the practice of the law with his father and brother.

Mr. Wilson was married on July 5th, 1848, to Emily

Josephine Scott, who still survives him. The children of the marriage were five boys, one of whom died in infancy, while four still survive: John Scott Wilson, Russell J. Wilson, Frank P. Wilson and Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson never permitted any temptation, no matter how seductive, to swerve him from the straight path of the law; and while always an ardent Democrat, and taking an earnest interest in matters political, he never permitted himself to stand for any office save two, and these were in the line of his professional work. One was membership in the Constitutional Convention of 1878, and the other was membership in the Board of Freeholders which was elected in 1879 for the purpose of framing a charter for San Francisco, in both of which bodies he played an important and conspicuous part. And it is a coincidence worth noting, that of these two bodies, Hoge and Wilson, whose lives had touched at so many points, were members, and that the former was chosen President, and the latter, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, of each of them.

During Gov. Haight's administration, Mr. Wilson was earnestly tendered the appointment to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Bench of the State created by the resignation of Judge Sanderson, and during President Cleveland's administration he was offered

the Chinese Mission and also the Mission to Spain, all of which appointments he declined.

It would be vain to attempt to here give a history of the career at the bar of the subject of this Memorial. Such a course would make it necessary to far outrun any reasonable limit of a paper of this kind. Indeed, to write such a history would be to write a history of the courts of San Francisco and of the Supreme Court of the State. It is but truth to say, that Mr. Wilson was connected with the most important and interesting causes appearing in the California Reports, and that he has, perhaps, more than any other practising lawyer, impressed himself upon the legal history of our State. His first case in the Supreme Court was that of *People* v. *Coleman*, reported in the fourth volume of California Reports, and was of the gravest consequence. The question there was, whether the Revenue Act of 1853 was in contravention of the State or Federal Constitution. In that case the whole question of taxation in respect of the power to tax, etc., was gone into by the Court, and the Act sustained. This case has been cited and relied on by the Judges of our Supreme Court a great number of times, and the Revenue Laws of the State have been framed in accordance with the principles there enunciated.

He was a prominent figure in the great will cases of

Broderick, Black, Low and Reese, his work in the latter being especially noteworthy for the industry and ingenuity displayed by him in it, and in which he was completely successful, and that, too, against a powerful array, which was strongly aided by the opinions of John F. Dillon, Charles O'Conor and Theodore W. Dwight.

For many years Mr. Wilson had been a practitioner at the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was there recognized, as at home, as being one of the brightest exemplars of the California Bar. Many important cases were won by him in that august tribunal againt most eminent Eastern Counsel.

In nearly all the noted cases involving our municipal titles, or involving questions of constitutional law, he has borne a leading part; while in Mexican grant cases, and in cases covering questions of commercial law, no hand has been more frequently seen than his. Indeed, his professional life in the Courts touched every question in civil practice, while his office work was scarcely less extensive in its range. His business was always a varied and large one, and he commanded fees proportionately. The result was, that although he maintained an extensive establishment, and entertained lavishly, he yet accumulated a large fortune.

Mr. Wilson, as we have said, never swerved from the straight path of the law, and declined official pre-

ferment; but more than this, he gave none of his time to societies or associations. He was a life member of the Bar Association, of which he was at one time the President, and was a member of the leading social clubs, but beyond this he never went. Notwithstanding, however, his unremitting devotion to the law, he never failed to meet all just social obligations, nor to do his whole duty to his State and City, or to his political party, when he felt that any one of them needed his professional services.

In Samuel M. Wilson we have a professional character perfect in its proportions, and beautiful in its symmetry. We see in him a striking illustration of the power of concentration when industriously used in the interest of special achievement. He was a man wonderfully endowed by nature for success at the bar, but all this endowment could never have carried him to the eminence he reached had there not been combined with it an industry that never flagged, and a painstaking to which nothing was trifling or insignificant. He rises before us as a man who set out to be, before and beyond everything else, a lawyer, pure and simple, and who never bated a jot in pursuit of his object. And a lawyer, complete in every part, he became—indeed, the very ideal of one. His professional standard, both in matter of learning and conduct, was of the very highest, and many of his brethren were

partial enough to think that he reached his own standard. He was, in very truth, and will still remain, a model for the young aspirant at the bar.

He never took anything for granted; he never depended upon intuitions or inspirations. Like Turner, the great painter, he knew nothing of genius short of hard work; and this work he cheerfully gave, no matter what the hours might be, night or day. His case was always one to be mastered to its very core, and he never rested satisfied until he so mastered it. He knew perfectly well when he went into Court what he proposed to do, and how he proposed to do it, and he generally knew what the other side would do, and how they would do it. He was as careful to study the opposing side as he was to study his own, and sought to conjure up every possible contingency which might arise during the progress of the litigation. If anything arose during the trial which he did not understand, he would, by deft management, evade direct issue on the point until he could look into it and see what it meant. He was always afraid of that which he did not understand; but when knowledge came, he was fearless. It was the pole star of his management of a case, never to take a step except on solid ground and with perfect knowledge of all the surroundings. There may have been those of his contemporaries who were quicker on the moment to grasp

the fullest significance of a point, but no one of them in the end dug deeper down on it than he, or at the last, better understood it in all its implications and bearings. He never looked upon anything in a law-suit as insignificant; to him everything demanded the carefullest attention, and the most painstaking labor.

In the trial of a case, he would never, under any circumstances, permit himself to be hurried. All must be done with due deliberation and precisely as he had beforehand mapped it out. And with it all, he was, except when annoyed beyond endurance, even-tempered and imperturbable. Indeed, he was the soul of courtesy to his professional brother, and to the Bench, respectful and deferential to a degree.

In oral argument he never rambled, or discussed irrelevant matters. In regard to this, he was as careful in preparation and arrangement, as he was in other parts of his case, while his written arguments, particularly those in the Supreme Court, show prodigious learning and almost unexampled industry. He was exceedingly fluent in argumentative discourse, sympathetic in voice, apt in the choice of words, forcibly persuasive, graceful in manner, and while lacking, perhaps, somewhat in imagination, rose frequently to eloquence. He always spoke from fullest knowledge of the subject, and never permitted his point to be lost in a maze of florid or redundant rhetoric. He was

always direct, clear, methodical and strong. It would be a mistake to say of him that he was essentially a Court lawyer; on the contrary, he was as much at home in a common law case before a jury, as he was in an equity case before the Court, and he was as strong in the one as he was in the other. Few could sum up a case to a jury better than he, and if there was an element of pathos in it which could be turned to the benefit of his client, he was always equal to the occasion. Indeed, nature had given him a voice well adapted for this, for it was so sympathetic and rich as to be almost musical, while he was never at a loss for appropriate language.

In consultation, Mr. Wilson was tolerant and courteous; he never presumed, by virtue of his standing at the Bar or of his seniority in the case under discussion, to be dictatorial, or to enforce, other than by statement and argument, his views upon his associates. Everything presented he treated with consideration and seriousness; but if an authority were relied on, he was never satisfied until he himself had personally examined it. He never, at any time or under any circumstances, so far as we knew the man, set himself upon a pedestal, or deemed himself worthier or abler than his professional fellows.

Our brother was not only admired on account of his commanding abilities, but he was scarcely less than

His devotion to his family, as husband, father and grandfather, was such that nothing could exceed the beauty of it; while his friendships were so warm and lasting, that no man could well wish for sweeter memories of himself after death.

Mr. Wilson was of medium stature, and slightly rather than strongly built, but his presence was commanding and masterful, while in demeanor he was dignified and courteous. This dignity was one, however, which could unbend on occasion, for nature had given him that priceless possession—sense of humor, and he knew the value of a good hearty laugh. He had, besides, a keen sense of wit, as many encounters at the social board could well attest, while in after dinner speaking he was always interesting and graceful.

Such was the man who, before he had reached the psalmist's allotment of years, has been taken from us; but how gloriously was he taken! His career was a completely rounded one; he had achieved success, he had seen his children honorably grow up with families around them, and with success already in their cup of life; he was permitted to labor almost to the very last moment, and fell, as it were, in the thick of battle, and in the full glory of an assured place among the professional immortals. He was thus happy in his life, and glorious in his destiny, so that we might well say of

him, as Pindar said of Hieron:—"To be happy is the chiefest prize; to be glorious the next lot; if a man have lighted on both and taken them to be his, he has attained unto the Supreme Crown." The cup of Death was pressed to his lips, as it must be to the lips of us all; but in his case he was fortunate enough to taste of its bitterness under the solace of great compensations. Such a death was a fitting end to that life the memory of which shall not easily be lost to our professional traditions, while the Bar Association shall ever treasure his name and fame as one of its dearest and most revered possessions.

Heather James E

J. E. Ruler.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

JAMES EDWARD KEELER,

1857-1900.

BY

CHARLES S. HASTINGS.

READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES,
APRIL 23, 1903.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JAMES EDWARD KEELER.

James Edward Keeler was born in La Salle, Illinois, on September 10, 1857.* His father, from whom he inherited his extraordinary taste for mechanical pursuits, and to whom he also owed his early instruction in the use of tools and the design and construction of innumerable conveniences of daily life which proved so invaluable to him in later life, William F. Keeler, was an officer on the *Monitor* at the time of its famous engagement with the *Merrimac*. His mother was the daughter of Henry Dutton, formerly governor of Connecticut and dean of the Yale Law School. Through this inherited association with New Haven he possessed an acquaintance and relationship with several families prominent in the society of that city, which, happily for them and for himself, he had an opportunity to cultivate later in his life.

In 1869 Mr. Keeler removed with his family to Mayport, Florida, and here Edward, as he was always known to his intimate friends, commenced that extraordinary education which proved so perfectly adapted to his exceptional genius. Mr. Keeler found it necessary in a community where neighbors were few and the conditions of life were largely those of a new and unsettled country to do a large part of his work as architect and builder with his own hands, and in this work we are assured that his young son assisted with the keen interest and eminent success which rendered him so useful a few years later to those who could command his services as an assistant in scientific work.

* Biographical notices of Mr. Keeler have been published by Professor W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory; by Professor G. E. Hale, director of the Yerkes Observatory, and by Chancellor J. A. Brashear, of the Western University of Pennsylvania. From these the present writer has drawn freely, and from the notice by the first-named writer the account of Mr. Keeler's activity as director of the Lick Observatory is taken without change, since no one else is so perfectly acquainted with this chapter of his life The list of the published writings of Mr. Keeler is taken from the twelfth volume of the Astrophysical Journal, and was also prepared by Director Campbell.

It was in the boy's eighteenth year that his interest in astronomy had grown to such a point that he could be content with nothing less than an observatory of his own. He purchased lenses for a two-inch telescope with money which he had earned by his own efforts and mounted them himself. His journal records that the lenses, ordered from a dealer in the north, came to his hands on November 29, 1875, and that he first directed the telescope to the stars on the 12th of the next month, when he saw the ring of Saturn for the first time. This marks the beginning of a career as an observer which was unhappily cut short just at a time when he may fairly be thought to have reached his highest and most fruitful degree of skill. It is worthy of remark that the surviving "Record of Observations made at the Mayport Observatory" contains beautifully colored sketches of Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, the Orion Nebula, and of the moon, which are the forerunners of the famous and unequaled drawings of the great planets which were made a dozen years later with the Lick telescope.

This youthful activity was, however, something more than the merely playful exercise of intellectual faculties such as is often exhibited by clever boys, and which, admirable in itself, is little likely to lead to a lifelong devotion to science or to permanent additions to the sum of human knowledge. In Keeler's case we do not have to look far for signs which mark a true and rare superiority, for in his records of observations we find data of a numerical character which imply an abstract interest in science at once separating him from those who can hardly hope to find more than a pastime in science. His next step, in 1877, separates him from the pure amateur, for the construction of a meridian instrument, which he made from a marine spyglass with the tools at command in his own home, marks a mind which demands much more from science than amusement. A description and sketch of this instrument by Keeler himself is published in the twelfth volume of the Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and its perusal will go far to show the rare ingenuity of its maker as well, it seems to the writer, as the admirable fitness of the early education of the youth for the work which lay before him.

This was nearly the end of Keeler's work among such limited surroundings, for his talents were soon to be recognized by a wise

and generous man, who proved his lifelong friend and adviser, and who procured for him an opportunity to exhibit to competent and appreciative men his rare qualities and promise. Mr. Charles H. Rockwell, of Tarrytown, New York, had invited a class of young ladies at a private school in Tarrytown to visit his well-equipped observatory to view some of the more interesting astronomical objects, in accordance with a generous custom. His attention was attracted by one of the young ladies remarking that Saturn was familiar to her from having seen it through her brother's telescope at home. The young lady was Keeler's sister, and her remark interested Mr. Rockwell to such a degree that he was led, not only to inform himself farther about the young man, but to secure for him an opportunity to pursue a university training in the north. Rarely has such interest been more wisely accorded or more nobly received. One of Keeler's most admirable traits, known to all his intimates, was his unassumed and constant affection for this older and generous friend.

Mr. Rockwell took young Keeler to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University in the first case in order to enter him there as a regular student, but he was advised to place him as a special student at the Johns Hopkins University, where the highly irregular training and preparation acquired by the candidate could be more readily adapted to the requirements, less rigidly fixed in the new university, for effective college training. It was here that the present writer became intimately acquainted with Keeler, and it is from this long intimacy that he will find something to write concerning his personal characteristics, after having reviewed his scientific history and work.

Mr. Keeler's university career was not only a successful one, but it was also an extremely happy one. He possessed the power of making friends among his older associates as well as with the men of his own age, and the college work, which he did well and with ease, afforded him the keenest pleasure. His interest in his chosen science never flagged, although it was never allowed to interfere with other duties which belonged to him as a candidate for an academic degree. Even at the end of his freshman year he had a delightful opportunity to occupy himself again with his favorite observations as a member of Professor Holden's expedition from the Naval Observatory which observed the total eclipse of July 29, 1878, at Central City, Colorado, and

which counted Mr. Rockwell and the writer among its members. A sketch and description of the corona on this occasion constituted the first of Keeler's published papers.

In the spring of 1881 Professor Langley requested the Johns Hopkins University to recommend a suitable man for the place of assistant in the Allegheny Observatory. Of two candidates highly recommended Keeler was chosen because one of his instructors emphasized the fact that it was always easy to find just what he did not know, by which it was intended to describe in an epigrammatic way his remarkable intellectual candor. Indeed, this was one of the most constant and delightful characteristics which belonged to him to the end of his life. No one could be more modest and unassuming in all intellectual matters; so much so that only those who were long and intimately associated with him were likely to recognize his real mental superiority.

The years from 1881 to May of 1883 were spent at Allegheny as Professor Langley's assistant, interrupted only by the famous trip to Mt. Whitney, when his chief made his famous determination of the solar constant. During this period he not only acquired a highly cultivated skill in the use of Langley's delicate and difficult investigations in the domain of radiant energy, but he also made many friends, who added to his pleasure and efficiency in the years later when he became the director of the Allegheny Observatory. After a year spent in study at the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, at the latter of which he made an investigation of the absorption by carbon dioxide of radiant heat with the use of Langley's newly invented bolometer, he returned to Allegheny. Here he remained from June, 1884, to April, 1886, assisting Professor Langley in his famous researches on the radiation of the moon and on the infra-red portion of the solar spectrum.

Early in 1886, on Professor Holden's recommendation, Mr. Keeler was appointed assistant to the Lick trustees. He arrived at Mt. Hamilton on April 25, 1886, and immediately proceeded to establish the time service. The telegraph line to San José was perfected; the transit instruments, the clocks, and the sending and receiving apparatus at both ends of the line were installed. The signals were sent out on and after January 1, 1887—north to Portland, east to Ogden, and south to San Diego

and El Paso. In addition to the time service, he assisted the trustees in installing the various instruments.

When the observatory was completed and transferred to the regents of the University of California, on June 1, 1888, Mr. Keeler was appointed astronomer, the original staff consisting of Astronomers Holden, Burnham, Schaeberle, Keeler, and Barnard and Assistant Astronomer Hill.

Professor Keeler was placed in charge of the spectroscopic work of the observatory. The large star spectroscope, constructed mainly from his designs, has no superior for visual observations. Of the many results obtained with this instrument, we may mention the observation of Saturn's rings and Uranus, with reference to their atmospheres; of the bright and dark lines in the spectra of γ Cassiopeiæ and β Lyræ; of the color curve of the 36-inch equatorial, and of the spectra of the Orion Nebula and thirteen planetary nebulæ.

His beautiful observations on the velocities in the line of sight of these fourteen nebulæ mark a distinct epoch in visual spectroscopy. His memoir on the subject took its place as a classic at once. The probable error of the final result for each nebula, based on the mean of several observations, is only $\pm$ 3.2 kilometers per second. Attention should be called to one extremely important fact established by these measures, viz., the velocities of the nebulæ in their motion through space are of the same order of magnitude as the velocities of the stars.

The recognition of the fact that a great refracting telescope is also a most powerful spectroscope for special classes of objects, by virtue of the chromatic aberration of the objective, is due to Professor Keeler. Among the first objects observed with the 36-inch equatorial were the planetary nebulæ and their stellar nuclei. The observers were struck with the fact that the focal length for a nebula is 0.4 inch longer than for its stellar nucleus, a discrepancy which Professor Keeler at once explained by recalling that the star's light is yellow, whereas that of the nebula is greenish-blue.

Astronomical readers will remember Keeler's splendid drawings of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, made with the assistance of the 36-inch telescope during 1888–1890. His faithful and artistic drawings of Jupiter have no equal.

He was in charge of the very successful expedition sent by

the Lick Observatory to Bartlett Springs, California, to observe the solar eclipse of January 1, 1889.

Professor Keeler resigned from the Lick Observatory staff on June 1, 1891, to succeed Professor Langley as director of the Allegheny Observatory and professor of astrophysics in the Western University of Pennsylvania. The Allegheny Observatory has perhaps the poorest location of any observatory in this country for spectroscopic work, but in spite of this disadvantage, Keeler's investigations continued and promoted the splendid reputation established for the observatory by his predecessor. He comprehended the possibilities and limitations of his situation and his means and adapted himself to them. His spectroscopic researches were largely confined to the orange, yellow, and green regions of the spectrum, since these would be less strongly affected by the smoky sky for which that vicinity is famous.

The Allegheny spectroscope, designed and constructed soon after his acceptance of the position, contained several valuable improvements. The use of three simple prisms in its dispersive train was a departure which has been followed with great advantage in many later instruments. With this instrument he made an extensive investigation of the Orion Nebula and the stars immersed in it, establishing the fact that the nebula and the stars are closely related in physical condition.* His beautiful observations of Saturn's rings, proving that they are a cluster of meteorites—myriads of little moons—have never been surpassed in interest in the entire astronomical field. These observations are so well known to every one interested in astronomy that a single sentence suffices. He proved spectrographically, using the Doppler-Fizeau principle, that every point in the ring system is moving with the velocity which a moon would have if situated at that distance from the planet. Professor Keeler's main piece of work at the Allegheny Observatory, on the spectra of the third (Secchi) type stars, remains unpublished, but the measures and reductions are left in an advanced stage.

The regents of the University of California appointed Professor Keeler to the position of director of the Lick Observatory on

* Simultaneous observations of the same object made at another observatory led to the same conclusion.

March 8, 1898. The ties which bound him and his family to Allegheny were difficult to sever, but the greater opportunities offered by the instruments and the atmospheric conditions at Mt. Hamilton decided him in favor of accepting the appointment. He entered upon his new duties on June 1, 1898.

Without making any rearrangement of the work of the staff, but affording them every possible encouragement to continue along the same lines, Professor Keeler arranged to devote his own observing time to the Crossley reflector. He recognized that the instrument was not in condition to produce satisfactory results. He made one change after another, overcoming one difficulty after another, until, on November 14, he secured an excellent negative of the Pleiades, and on November 16 a superb negative of the Orion Nebula. The enormous power of the reflector in nebular photography was established, and he entered upon the programme of photographing all the brighter nebulæ in Herschel's catalogue. More than half of the subjects on the programme have been completed. The observatory possesses a set of negatives of the principal nebulæ which is priceless and unequaled. These photographs have already led to many discoveries of prime importance, and they furnish a vast amout of material for future investigations of questions bearing especially upon the early stages of sidereal evolution. The photographs record, incidentally, great numbers of new nebulæ, as many as thirty-one on a single plate covering less than one square degree of the sky. A conservative estimate places the number within reach of the Crossley reflector at 120,000, of which only ten or fifteen thousand have thus far been discovered.

It has previously been supposed that the great majority of nebulæ are irregular and without form, and that only a few are spirals. Professor Keeler's photographs have recorded more spiral nebulæ than irregular ones. This discovery bears profoundly on the theories of the cosmogony, and must be considered as of the first order.

The honorary degree of Sc. D. was conferred upon Professor Keeler in 1893 by the University of California. He received the Rumford medal from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1898, and the Henry Draper medal from the National Academy of Sciences in 1899. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences at the April meeting in

1900. He was also an associate of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a fellow and foreign associate of the Royal Astronomical Society, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member and officer of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, an honorary member of the Toronto Astronomical and Physical Society, the president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and various other organizations.

It appears that Professor Keeler had long been a sufferer from a mild form of heart weakness; to run even fifteen steps caused him great physical distress. It is feared that on Mt. Hamilton he worked beyond his strength. He went away from the observatory on July 30, in the best of spirits and with no anxiety, to secure medical treatment and to spend a brief vacation in the northern part of the state. Increasing difficulty in breathing led him to seek skilled treatment in San Francisco on August 10. His dangerous condition was recognized on August 11, and on the 12th a stroke of apoplexy proved fatal.

When the dangerous weakness of his heart was discovered by the physicians, Professor Keeler's main regret was that he would have to leave Mt. Hamilton and its opportunities in order to live at a lower altitude. It is known that he had planned his work with the Crossley reflector far into the future. A small spectrograph which he was most anxious to employ on certain interesting spectra was completed on the day of his leaving the observatory.

Professor Keeler married Miss Cora S. Matthews at Oakley plantation, Louisiana, on June 16, 1881. He left two children.

To those who knew Keeler during the formative period of his life, either when a lad at Mayport or when more mature at the university, many delightful characteristics are inseparably connected with his memory. Perhaps those who were incapable of understanding his scientific aspirations were more impressed by his unfailing good humor, his gentleness and kindliness, and by a very exceptional sense of the humorous, which not only contributed greatly to his enjoyment of life, but gave him the appearance of being an eminently happy man. His interest in life was keen and rational. With perfect adaptability to the circumstances of the moment, he seemed to find not only sources

of pleasure in them, but the kind of opportunities for intellectual occupation which is indispensable to minds of his type. The writer carries in vivid recollection his story of a trip from Mayport to the north in a small vessel, when he astonished the master by determining the place at sea by observations on stars at night, while the navigator had supposed that an observation of the sun was always necessary. To such a man children afforded endless delight, and doubtless many others can recall scenes where he utilized his extraordinary skill with the pencil as a means of entertaining them, when it was difficult to determine whose laughter was the more merry and infectious.

As a worker in science, his achievements were highly interesting. Although remarkably ingenious in devising expedients to meet his ends, he was never carried away by an admiration for his own creations, but was ever ready to reject any plan for a better one; in short, he always seemed to attain the very best expedient which inevitable conditions imposed. His work impressed the observer as so much like play that it was always a surprise to find that it generally proved an important contribution to science. Never hurried, never anxious, to watch him was a pleasure and to work with him was an inspiration. Apparently careless of scientific honors, such came to him in extraordinary abundance, and a longer life would surely have brought him fame to which we can set no probable limit.

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Henry MacLean Martin

Life Member

and

Treasurer

California Society

The California Society in

of the

Sons of the American Revolution

OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE

Presents its compliments

and kindly requests you to accept a copy

of its tribute to the late

Henry MacLean Martin

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1891.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

BY

CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

TO

Henry MacLean Martin

WHO DIED AT

FORT BENTON, MONTANA, APRIL 5, 1891, EN ROUTE TO THE SECOND NATIONAL CONGRESS AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, AS THE SOCIETY'S DELEGATE AT LARGE

Resolution

ADOPTED BY THE

CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Resolved, that the members of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution learn with profound regret of the sudden death, at Fort Benton, Montana, of their Companion

Henry MacLean Martin

while journeying to the National Congress as the Society's Delegate at Large.

As a Companion we held him in high respect; as a man he was always trustworthy. To those who knew him personally, his sentiments or principles relating to all matters American were never equivocal. As a citizen of the Commonwealth, he was broad-minded and patriotic.

Now that he has gone to that reward vouchsafed to all good men, we mingle our tears with those of his bereaved family, who parted with him but a few days before, and to the afflicted mother on the Eastern shore whom he loved so well, who was looking forward with joyful anticipation to the home-coming of her first-born son.

In token of respect to his memory, it is ordered that the foregoing resolution be spread on our minutes.

A. S. HUBBARD,
President.

W. B. EASTIN,
Secretary.

"And thou, O Friend, wilt be refreshed. There is
one great Society alone on earth—
The noble living, and the noble dead."

"Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past."

"How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sinless land."

HENRY MacLEAN MARTIN was endowed with all the physical attributes and mental traits that mark the perfect man. He sprang from an honorable lineage, possessed the warm and genial disposition and manners of a well-bred American gentleman, and was a member of our society by right of descent through collateral lines.

Mr. Martin possessed those sterling qualities that won and retained the confidence of all who knew him intimately. Education, a long line of noble ancestry, and his associations through life, had developed superior natural gifts, proving the efficiency of good blood in sustaining through many generations the traits which make men pleasantly conspicuous among their fellows. Had he chosen literature or the arts for his life-work, his energy, clear perception, and thorough honesty, would have brought him distinction of a higher order than was possible in the every-day rounds of an active business life.

His work is ended. His spirit has crossed the dark river to the presence of the Omnipotent in whom he trusted.

Our companion was the eldest son of the late Dr. Henry Austin Martin, a surgeon of U. S. Volunteers, who intermarried with Frances Coffin Crosby, August 9, 1848. She was the daughter of Hon. Nathan Crosby and Rebecca Moody. He was born at Sandwich, N. H., February 12, 1798, and was for thirty-nine years City Judge of Lowell, Mass. He was the son of Dr. Asa Crosby, a graduate of Dartmouth College, born July 15, 1765, and of Betsey Hoit, daughter of Nathan Hoit, Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 3d New Hamp-

shire Continental Regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander Scammel, the youthful Harvard graduate, who, at the siege of Yorktown, while reconnoitering the enemy's front, September 30, 1781, was captured, maltreated by the enemy, and from his wounds died at Williamsburg, Va., October 6, 1781.

Dr. Crosby was the seventh child of Capt. Josiah Crosby, born at Billerica, Mass., November 24, 1730, a soldier in the old French and Indian War, who raised and commanded the first company of Amherst, N. H., militia, and reached the battlefield of Lexington the day following that first affair of the Revolution, April 19, 1775. Capt. Crosby's command was assigned to Col. James Reid's regiment, and he participated, with his two sons, in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Subsequently he was ordered to make return of the losses of "things at the battle," which duty he performed, and his report is now on file in the archives of New Hampshire.

Our deceased associate was the great grandson of Rev. Austin Martin, incumbent of the parish of Tarbert, County Kerry, Ireland, who espoused Elizabeth Agnew, the youngest daughter of Capt. Agnew, son of the British Brigadier General Jas. Agnew, who fell on the field of Germantown. The wife of Capt. Agnew was Catherine Blennerhassett, a sister of Herman Blennerhassett, who unfortunately fell into the wiles of Aaron Burr, and figured in the trial of that arch conspirator. His name was immortalized by William Wirt, assistant prosecuting attorney in the trial, in his eloquent description of Blennerhassett and his island home, in reply to the question, "Who was Blennerhassett?"

Born in

Boston, Massachusetts

May 15, 1849

Henry MacLean Martin

Married, November 10, 1884,

to

Caroline

youngest daughter of

General David Douty

and

Ellen Mason White Colton

of San Francisco

Perseverantia Victor.

THE DESCENT OF

Henry MacLean Martin

Dr. Henry Austin Martin, A.M.—Frances Coffin, dau, of Hon. Nathan Croshy, LL.D, b. m. 9 Aug., 1848.
b. 23 July, 1824, d. 7 Dec., 1884.

Henry James Martin, M.R.C.S.E.—Mary, dau of Capt. Alex. MacLean, Hudson's Bay Co., m. 20 Oct., 1823, d. Jan., 1842.
b. 17 Feb., 1795, d. 8 Oct., 1870.

Elizabeth Agnew, youngest dau.—Rev. Austin Martin, incumbent of Tarbert, co. Kerry, d. 15 May, 1831.
m. 20 May, 1792, d. 27 Feb., 1830.

Catherine Blennerhassett—Capt. Robert Agnew, of Howlish, co. Durham.

Conway Blennerhassett, of Castle Conway, and of Killorglin, co. Kerry, b. 3 June, 1720.—Elizabeth, dau. of Major Thomas Lacy.

Conway Blennerhassett, of Castle Conway, M.P. Tralee, 1723-4, b. 3 Oct., 1693, d. 7 June, 1724.—Elizabeth, dau. of Col. Harman, of Bawne, co. Longford.

John Blennerhassett, "Black Jack," of Castle Conway, co. Kerry.—Elizabeth, 3d dau. of Rev. Benjamin Cross, D. D., she d. 22 March, 1732.

Robert Blennerhassett—Avice, dau. and co-heir of Jenkin Conway, d. April, 1663.

Martha Lynne—John Blennerhassett, of Ballyseedy, co. Kerry, M P. Tralee 1661.

George Lynne, of Southwick Hall, d. 5 Nov., 1606. — Isabel, sister of Sir Anthony Forrest, of Morborn, Hunts, Knt.

Martha Throckmorton, bur. at Southwick, 30 Dec., 1600, aged 49. — George Lynne, of Southwick Hall, Northants, bur. there 29 Nov., 1617.

Catherine Royden (1st husband). — Nevill — Clement Throckmorton, of Hanley, Warwickshire, d. 19 Oct. 1594.

Sir Edward Nevill, of Addington Park, Kent, beheaded on Tower Hill, 9 Jan., 1538-9. — Eleanor, widow of Ralph, 8th Lord Scrope, of Masham, dau. of Andrew, Lord Windsor.

Sir George Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, sum. to parl. 1482-92, d. 20 Sept., 1492. — Margaret (1st wife), dau. and heir of Sir Hugh Fenne, of Sculton, d. 28 Sept., 1485.

Elizabeth Beauchamp, Baroness Bergavenny, b. at Hanley Castle, 16 Dec., 1415, d 18 June, 1447 (1st wife). — Sir Edward Nevill, sum. to parl. as Baron Bergavenny, 1450-72, d. 18 Oct., 1476.

Isabel le Despencer, b. 26 July, 1400, m. 27 July, 1411, d. 26 Dec., 1440. — Richard Beauchamp, Lord Bergavenny (1st husband), cr. Earl of Worcester, 1420, d. 1422.

Constance of Langley. — Thomas, 6th Baron le Despencer, cr. Earl of Gloucester, 1397, beheaded at Bristol, 16 Jan., 1400.

Edmund, Duke of York, K. G., 5th son, d. at Langley, 1 Aug. 1402. — Isabel (1st wife), youngest dau. and co-heir of Peter, King of Castile, m. 1372.

Edward III, crowned 1 Feb., 1327, b. 13 Nov., 1312, d. 21 June, 1377. — Philippa, 3d dau. of William, Count of Holland and Hainault, m. 24 Jan., 1328, d. 15 Aug., 1369.

California Society

William J. Graves

Died—At sea on board the Steamer Los Angeles, August 2d, 1884, Hon. Wm. J. Graves, aged 54 years, 6 months and 24 days.—[San Luis Obispo Mirror.]

DIED at sea! On the bosom of the restless waves that rocked his soul into eternity, and moaned his requiem as they rolled in and dashed against the dark cliffs of the rock-bound coast. O! night of death upon the mighty deep! Let us hope that its dark curtain was lifted and its gloom dispelled by the brightness of the dawning of another and better life.

¶ There was an appalling sadness about the manner in which Mr. Graves met his death. He was on his way to this place to try a case in the Superior Court. He took the cars from San Francisco in order to intercept the steamer Los Angeles at Monterey. The coach from the Hotel del Monte left him, and he was obliged to walk fully a mile over a sandy road and at a rapid pace to the wharf. Upon reaching the steamer he complained of weariness and sickness, and retired to a bed prepared for him in the Social Hall where he was served by one of the waiters with a cup of tea about 7 o'clock p. m. Some time after eleven it seems that he arose from his bed and went upon deck, his mind being probably dazed from the effect of the shock his system had received in the evening from over exertion, as he walked with apparent difficulty, catching a support here and there. No particular notice was taken of his actions however, as the steamer was rolling and pitching through the heavy seas that are generally encountered between Carmel Bay and Point Sur. And thus alone with the hand of death upon him, seen only by the sailor who was pacing to and fro in the middle watch, he fell to the deck, his face upturned to the midnight sky, and died.

¶ Mr. Graves was born in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. His career was very eventful. Leaving his home at an early age, he went to St. Louis, Mo.,

when he studied law for a short period. He enlisted in the army at the commencement of the Mexican war, serving under General Sterling Price. After the close of the war he went to Santa Fe in company with a young lawyer and fellow soldier, Col. Oscar M. Brown. Together they left Santa Fe for California in 1849, traveling through New Mexico and Arizona and following the Gila River to its junction with the Colorado. They encountered many thrilling adventures in passing through the regions then occupied by the warlike Indian tribes. Upon their arrival in San Francisco, in the spring of 1850, they pitched their tent upon the site now occupied by the Palace Hotel, and opened a law firm under the title of "Brown and Graves, Attorneys at Law." Failing to secure a lucrative practice, they folded their tent, and traveling south, reached Monterey in 1851. There was at that time no litigation of importance in Monterey, as the new judicial system had not as yet been fairly started. The community being accustomed to the Alcalde methods of settling disputes and questions of law in a summary manner and without the intervention of lawyers, and allowing but few cases to even reach the Court of First Instance, there was consequently a prolonged lull in legal wrangling. This unfavorable condition of affairs at Monterey determined the firm to seek another locality. They fixed upon San Luis Obispo. Here the law partnership was dissolved upon the election of Mr. Brown to the County Judgeship.

On the 29th of October, 1851, Mr. Graves married Miss Soledad Pico, the eldest daughter of Don Jose de Jesus Pico, a ranchero and a person of note among his countrymen. Mr. Graves continued in the practice of law, gaining steadily in reputation, and succeeding with much difficulty in procuring a very judicious selection of books, which for a long period constituted, with the valuable additions he constantly made to it, the only law library in the county.

In 1855, he was elected to the Assembly and again in 1857. In 1862, he moved to Stockton, where he remained but a short time. From Stockton he went to San Francisco and entered the law office of Judge O. C. Pratt, with whom he continued until October, 1863, when he went to Mexico in the interest of some California mining companies. In the fall of 1864, he returned from Mexico and again located in San Luis Obispo. In 1873 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1878 he was chosen by the electors a member at large of the last Constitutional Convention. In that body he took an active and leading part in the formation of the New Constitution. He was upon some of the most important committees with some of the ablest legal minds of the State. When the new Constitution was submitted to the people he advocated strenuously its adoption in speeches replete with convincing arguments.

In his profession he reached the highest rank and was classed with the brightest legal minds of the country. His comprehensive and profound knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence was the result of deep thought and close application to study, aided by a bright and thoroughly trained

logical understanding. He could grasp apparently without effort all the salient features or points of a case, and exhibit their relation to the principles of law involved, with a precision of language that was remarkable for its clearness. He was a great master of argument, but without any brilliancy of diction. But the acuteness and strength of his reasoning was made at once apparent by the use of terse and vigorous English. In his forensic efforts he never indulged in glowing sentiment or in appeals to the passions, but simply endeavored to convince the reason by the strength of his argument and a clear exposition of the law, in language of great logical force delivered in the deliberate manner of one who had thoroughly mastered his subject, and, as might be inferred, he never used theatrical gesticulation or brilliant extempore, nor any of the arts of the rhetorician. He had a remarkable memory, and could quote readily from Reports of cases that he had not read previously for periods of from eight or ten years. Indeed it seemed that all that was in his mind could be made available without effort. He was also learned in history, philosophy, political science, literature, and had a fine appreciation for the writings of the great poets whether ancient or modern. His philosophical studies for which he had a keen relish, enabled him to lift his mind to a high plane, and take enlarged views of things, draw just conclusions as to their tendency, discover general causes and discern and comprehend lasting and universal truths, which he could apply with great effect in his legal practice. His understanding was distinguished for its expansiveness, and seemed to be able to master every subject to which he gave his undivided attention. This rare gift, added to his habits of close application, and his industry in collecting materials and illustrations from every available source, enabled him with his enlarged and discriminating judgment, to take comprehensive views that bore the stamp of originality, and were always marked for their eminent justness of conception. His varied and extensive reading, retentive memory, correct views of human nature and talent for description, his generalizing faculty as well as great analytical powers, added to a happy facility of expression, made his conversation rich, pleasing and exceedingly instructive. He never attempted humor, nor indulged in witticisms. His mind, which seems to have been cast in a Doric mold, had no bent for playful sallies. He had many amiable qualities of mind. Chief among these was his fidelity to his friends, from which nothing could swerve him. He was the Chevalier Bayard of the profession in the extremely courteous manner in which he invariably treated his associates of the Bar. He was also endowed with a princely generosity, never turning away from an appeal for aid, but giving with a liberal hand all that he could spare and frequently much more than his circumstances would warrant. A piteous tale of sorrow or suffering would move him at times even to tears. He possessed a marked simplicity of character, accompanied by easy and unassuming manners and an indulgent kindness to all who approached him. But to those whom he liked his disposition was particularly amiable and affectionate.

In political opinions he adhered to the principles advocated by the Democratic party and agreed with those of that faith who favored a rigid construction of the powers vested in the general government. In religious belief he professed the Roman Catholic faith. He left, we believe no written work to perpetuate his memory. But he left what was of equal importance—the impress of his genius upon the legislation of the State of which he was one of the founders, and for the acquisition of which to his country, he fought in her battles. He left also many briefs and arguments among the records of the Supreme Court of the State which clearly evince his profound knowledge of the law, as well as the fine analytical power of his mind. He possessed a poetical element, which was often apparent when temporarily relieved from the depressing cares of his profession, by his keen appreciation of the beauty and splendor of creation, and which seemed also to inspire him with an enthusiasm for all that was grand and beautiful in life and with hopes of a higher and better existence hereafter.

He died on his way to the home he had selected in the springtime of his life. It would seem that he even had a premonition of his death. For in speaking with a friend some days before he died, he said that his traveling to and fro between San Luis Obispo and San Francisco might soon be brought to a close, and that it was not at all improbable that he would make but one trip more. It was indeed the last, and yet not fully completed in life. We can almost imagine that he was then coming to die amidst the wild and varied beauty of the scenery that used to charm his spirit in the glorious dawning of his manhood. And now he sleeps in death beneath the very shadow of the volcanic peaks that he loved to gaze upon when their rocky crests were being wreathed in folds of silvery mists wafted on the evening breeze from the breakers' foam, and when the sun was slowly sinking behind the hills, bathing their slopes in hazy flush of gorgeous coloring. And can it be, O gracious Nature! that the spirit that could thus feel the deep inspiration of thy loveliness, filling the soul with soft breathings of a more than earthly music, should lie forever in the dismal calm of death, and know no awakening?

CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

In Memoriam.

George Spaulding.

"Is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

"He is gone who seemed so good—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

Obituary.

MR. GEORGE SPAULDING, who died in this city, January 27th, was born in New Ipswich, N. H., December 16, 1828, and was the son of James and Sophia Kidder-Spaulding. He was a descendant of Edward Spaulding, who emigrated to this country in 1632, and settled in Chelmsford, Mass., and from whom all the Spauldings of New England trace their genealogy. MR. SPAULDING'S father was a volunteer in the war of 1812.

MR. SPAULDING'S early years were spent on his father's farm. At the age of fifteen he began to learn the trade of a printer at Amherst, N. H., but becoming dissatisfied, he left this place. When sixteen, he shipped at New Bedford on a whaler, coming around Cape Horn to this Coast in 1844, and went on the whaling grounds in the Arctic Ocean. He left the vessel at Honolulu, where he spent the winter. Joining another vessel he returned to the Arctic Ocean. The following winter he went back to New Bedford. After spending a vacation at the home of his parents, he and his brother James went to St. Louis; there he completed his trade as a printer, and worked several years as a journeyman. From there he moved to Fitchburg, Mass., and was employed as forman on the *Fitchburg Sentinel* for several years.

In 1857, MR. SPAULDING was married at Gardiner, Mass., to Miss Calista, daughter of Isaac and Rosemond Varney-Nichols, who has been a true and loving help mate through all these years, and is left to mourn his loss. MR. SPAULDING, with his wife and son, James Garfield, came to California in 1863, by the way of Panama, and upon his arrival here became a member of Eureka Typographical Union, No. 21, and for two years was one of its Board of Directors, and remained an honored member until he commenced business for himself. He was employed for a time by the well-known firm of Towne & Bacon, printers; afterwards was foreman on the *American Flag*, a newspaper issued during the second administration of President Lincoln. After the suspension of that paper, he was foreman of Dewey's printing establishment up to 1869. He then established, in connection with Mr. Harrison Barto, the firm of Spaulding & Barto, they purchasing the job department of Dewey & Co., located at 414 Clay street, in this city. In 1886 the business was incorporated under the name of George Spaulding & Co., consisting of himself, his son, James G., Harrison Barto and others.

For sixteen consecutive years MR. SPAULDING was a Director of the Mechanics' Institute. He was a zealous worker in extending the usefulness

of that society. He was a life member of the Academy of Sciences, and also an active and esteemed member of the following Masonic Bodies: California Lodge, No. 1; San Francisco Chapter, No. 1; California Council, No. 2; Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, and of the Scottish Rite bodies, including the Grand Consistory of California, 32°. He was also a member of the Order of Mystic Shrine; of Ivy Chapter, No. 27, Order of Eastern Star, and a member of the Masonic Veteran Association.

MR. SPAULDING inherited those noble traits of character which have so well served him in his journey through life. He was a kind and devoted husband and an indulgent father. In his social relations he was modest, temperate and ever considerate of the feelings of others; he was universally beloved and respected by all who knew him or had business relations with him; he was strictly honest, industrious and faithful to every trust; no one in the community enjoyed a more enviable reputation. In his relations with his employees he applied the "Golden Rule." In religous matters he was liberal, ever respecting the opinions and rights of others; he was a firm believer in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. MR. SPAULDING has left many friends who sympathize with his bereaved family and join them in mourning his loss.

N. W. S.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,
for the end of that man is peace."

Extracts from the Press.

This day we are sad. Our brother and friend, GEORGE SPAULDING, has passed away to that undiscovered realm from which none have ever returned. As was inscribed upon one of the many floral tributes to his memory at his obsequies in letters of perennial beauty—"*Last Proof—Farewell George.*" And truly, as the presence of the large concourse of loving brethern, companions and friends attests, whose unqualified and entire respect he closely held, must the influence of his life of pure manhood, strict integrity, generous sympathy for the distressed, unbounded confidence in his fellow men, long abide with those who knew him best and most intimately. He preserved to an eminent degree the esteem of all around him, and none more surely and strongly than those associated with him in his avocation as employer. Once *of* them, he did not forget his former position, but rendered to every one his just due, as he would be done by, and this secured perfect confidence on the part of those upon whom he relied for business success.

He was more than brother to us, in our calamity he was our *friend* in all the meaning the term implies. And not to us alone, but to all, to any one who endeavored to perform his duty, that perchance came within the sphere in which he moved, was he as truly a *friend*. He was more than brother or companion to us, for one can be either and still not be a friend. A half score years ago we met our departed brother as any stranger in the busy throng of the street in a strange city, and without introduction by any one, we became at once friends, and that friendship thus begun never wavered nor faltered thence on. We came to know our brother and friend in his business and social relations to a great degree; we came to understand his principles, motives of action, habits, and inclinations. Vices he had none. Modest and retiring, of dignified presence and figure, he inspired respect, and with a genial countenance, he won the regard of all about him. He sought no preferment, but performed the duties imposed or assumed with fidelity and honesty. Our brother was strictly honest, temperate in all things, truthful, charitable, kindly disposed toward all, affable—what more is needed to make a good citizen and a good Mason.

He was one of the fourteen Brethern who founded the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast on December 27th, 1878, and January 8th, 1879, of whom only six are now living. He was then elected Marshal of the same for three consecutive years, when, in 1882, he was elected Vice-President, serving one year, and of which he continued a devoted member to the day of his death.

He died January 27th, 1893, aged 64 years, 1 month and 11 days. The funeral obsequies were conducted by California Lodge, No. 1, at Masonic Temple and in the pavilion at Masonic Cemetery, where his remains were

buried. The eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Mackenzie at the Temple before a large assemblage of the brethern of the Masonic Veteran Association, Scottish Rite, Golden Gate Commandery, and the other Masonic Bodies, and the relatives, employees and friends.—*The Trestle Board.*

GEORGE SPAULDING, who died in this city January 27, was born in New Ipswich, N. H., December 16, 1828. At the age of fifteen he began to learn the trade of a printer at Amherst, N. H., and later went to St. Louis, where he completed his trade, working several years as journeyman. MR. SPAULDING, with his wife and son, James Garfield, came to California in 1863, by way of Panama, and upon his arrival in San Francisco was employed by the well-known firm of Towne & Bacon, printers. Afterwards he was foreman on the *American Flag*, a newspaper issued during the second administration of President Lincoln, and after the suspension of that paper he was foreman of Dewey's printing establishment up to 1869. He then established, in connection with Harrison Barto, the firm of Spaulding & Barto, they purchasing the job department of Dewey & Co., located at 414 Clay street in this city. In 1886 the business was incorporated under the firm name of George Spaulding & Co., consisting of himself, his son, James G., Harrison Barto and others. By close attention to business MR. SPAULDING has left a competency to the loved ones left behind. MR. SPAULDING inherited those noble traits of character which have so well served him in his journey through life. In his social relations he was modest, temperate and ever considerate of the feelings of others; he was universally beloved and respected by all who knew him or had business relations with him; he was strictly honest, industrious, and faithful to every trust, and no one in the community enjoyed a more enviable reputation.—*The Newspaper Man.*

GEORGE SPAULDING, the well-known printer of 414 Clay street, died this morning, at 7:25 o'clock, at his residence, 1109 Clay street.

MR. SPAULDING has been in poor health for more than two years, and since last July he has been unable to go to his business. The direct cause of death was a complication of difficulties, resulting from a disordered or diseased liver. His brain became affected about noon of Monday last, and since that time he has been unconscious.

Deceased was born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1828. At an early age he went to sea for a short time, but returning set about learning the printer's trade at Gardiner, Mass. He subsequently went to Fitchburg and set up in business. In the summer of 1863 he came to San Francisco and has been here since continuously. He was employed as foreman of *The American Flag*, a journal issued during Lincoln's second campaign. Later he was employed by Dewey & Co. as foreman of the *Mining Press* office. In this office, also, was employed Harrison Barto, and in March, 1869, they formed a partnership under the firm name of Spaulding & Barto, and bought out the job printing

department of Dewey & Co. This firm continued until 1878, when Mr. Barto withdrew and the firm became George Spaulding & Co., with Mr. Germaine as partner. In 1886 Mr. Barto returned, and the firm to-day, an incorporation, comprises beside MR. SPAULDING, his son James G. Spaulding, Mr. Barto and others. The business prospered and MR. SPAULDING acquired a competence.

Deceased was for many years, beginning about 1870, an active member of the Mechanics' Institute and great credit is given him for helping to put that organization on a successful business basis. He was a director of the institute for sixteen years. He was prominent in Masonic matters. He was a thirty-second degree Mason and belonged to California Lodge, No. 1; San Francisco Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M.; Golden Gate Commandery, Knights Templar; also, to the Scottish Rite and Order of Eastern Star. He was also a member of the American Legion of Honor. He leaves a widow and one son. His marked qualities were kindliness, generosity and charity and these made him greatly liked by all associates.—*Evening Bulletin.*

The remains of the late GEORGE SPAULDING, printer and philanthropist, were laid to rest in Masonic Cemetery yesterday afternoon. It was one of the largest funerals that ever took place from the Masonic Temple. The eminent eulogist observed that one might almost wish to die if assured of such tributes of love and respect as were accorded to the deceased. About noon friends of the deceased began to gather at the family residence, 1109 Clay street, and in the presence of relatives and intimate acquaintances, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of the First Presbyterian Church read a chapter from the Bible and offered a short prayer. The remains were then removed to King Solomon's Hall in the Masonic Temple, where the last rites were conducted under the auspicies of California Lodge. No. 1, F. and A. M.

Before the entrance of the funeral cortege into the large hall there had been spread an array of floral pieces upon the platform toward which the head of the dead would be laid. The first was a beautiful offering two and a half by three feet. It was a representation of the shrine wrought in flowers, and resting upon an easel. The cimeter and crescent were worked in marguerites on a bed of violets, and the border was of smilax. This was from the nobles of the Mystic Shrine. An open book came from the employees of the office of George Spaulding & Co. On one page the words "*Last Proof*" was worked in violets, and on the other, "*Farewell George.*" A beautiful floral star was the gift of California Lodge, No. 1. There were several other smaller offerings.

Herman Muller, the master of California Lodge, conducted the Masonic Services. The following well-known choir rendered most excellent music: Samuel D. Mayer, J. R. Ogilvie, J. R. Jones and J. G. Baston. The music rendered was well chosen. "Lead, Kindly Light" was the first, followed by "Rest for the Weary," then "Good Night, I Have Reached My Home."

Here Rev. Dr. Mackenzie pronounced an eulogy on the departed, beginning with "Good Night," as suggested by the last hymn. The eulogy was

extremely eloquent, and was listened to with intense interest by the vast congregation. In conclusion the choir rendered, "Come to Me."

The funeral march was then taken up for the Masonic Cemetery. There were representatives from the Grand Consistory of the Scottish Rite, Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templar, San Francisco Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M.

The pallbearers were N. W. Spaulding, Asa R. Wells, J. H. Gilmore, M. Shannon, J. H. Culver, Dr. Harkness, Columbus Waterhouse, J. P. Griffith, J. D. Smith and J. P. Merrill. There were also two from Golden Gate Commandery, two from the Grand Consistory and two from San Francisco Chapter, No. 1. Nearly all of those who were in the temple followed the remains to their last resting place.—*Morning Call.*

Many of our San Francisco readers were acquainted with the late GEORGE SPAULDING, who has been the printer of the *Coast Review* from January, 1878, and they will regret to hear of his sudden death. MR. SPAULDING was an honorable man, of a genial nature, who, by excellent and honest work, had risen from the printer's case to the proprietorship of a large establishment. The writer knew him well, and held him in high esteem for his personal worth and amiable qualities. He was a just man, who spoke nothing ill of his fellows.—*Coast Review.*

GEORGE SPAULDING, the well-known printer, who died in this city last week, was employed as foreman on the *Mining and Scientific Press* during its earlier history. In 1869 he and Harrison Barto bought out the *Mining and Scientific Press* job printing department, which they developed into an extensive business, now conducted by the corporation, of which MR. SPAULDING was the head. MR. SPAULDING was a director of the Mechanics' Institute for sixteen years and very prominent in Masonic fraternities. He was a very popular man, earnest in everything he undertook, thoroughly honest and upright, and one who will be greatly missed by his friends and associates.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

We take *The Star* off the press to announce the death this (Friday) morning of GEORGE SPAULDING, one of the oldest and best loved printers and publishers in the State. The editor of *The Star* served his apprenticeship with the firm of Spaulding & Barto, entering the office when a boy of twelve, and worked there (with the exception of a few weeks) until he went into business on his own account, covering a period of eleven years. MR. SPAULDING was a kind and considerate employer, and a good man. His host of friends will mourn his loss. To his widow and family we offer our sincerest sympathy.

—*The Star.*

Resolutions.

Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, K. T.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Commander of the Universe, in His divine wisdom, to call from this earthly sphere to his Heavenly asylum, our beloved frater, GEORGE SPAULDING, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved frater, his family has met with the irreparable loss of a kind husband and father, the community one of its most useful citizens, our Commandery one of its most beloved and esteemed fratres.

Resolved, That Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, K. T., extends herewith to the bereaved family its most sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction, and tenders to them heart felt condolence in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be transmitted by the Recorder to the family of our late frater, and be entered in full on the minutes of our Commandery.

H. B. HUNT,
F. D. STADTMULLER,
THAD. B. KENT,
Committee.

Attest: WM. T. FONDA, Recorder.

* * * * * * * * * *

All members of the Commandery are, in a general sense, members of the Drill Corps, and I had hoped that, although we had a long roll of members, death would not invade our ranks during the past year. But the Almighty has been pleased to order otherwise, and Sir Knight GEORGE SPAULDING, on January 27th, 1893, received his summons to the Heavenly asylum.

It was my fortune to know him intimately. He and I joined Golden Gate in April, 1882, being the first petitioners to the new Commandery. In the later years of his membership infirmities prevented his active interest in our affairs, but he was always in full sympathy with the Corps and the Commandery. We can remember him as a valiant Knight, courteous in the true sense of the word; a man honorable in his relations to men of every station; upright in his intuitive perception of justice, and we can say in all truth and soberness—

"The wealthiest treasures to his lot shall fall
Whose heart receiving, still returneth all."

"He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of Love and Thought."—*Extract from address of Commandant Frank W. Sumner, of Golden Gate Drill Corps, on occasion of their annual dinner.*

Ivy Chapter, No. 27, O. E. S.

To the Worthy Matron, Worthy Patron, Officers and Members of Ivy Chapter, No. 27, O. E. S.—Your committee to whom was assigned the duty of drafting resolutions in memory of our deceased brother, George Spaulding, beg leave to submit the following for your consideration and approval.

Whereas, Death has again demanded of us one of our brethern, we deem it fitting that we, who have been so happily associated with him during the years past, should pay our tribute to our brother, George Spaulding. His integrity, his sincerity, his many admirable qualities as a citizen, a husband and a father, and his lovable traits in all his relations to those about him, are too well known to need special commment.

"None knew him but to love him,
None knew him but to praise."

Resolved, That in the death of Brother George Spaulding, Ivy Chapter, No. 27, O. E. S., has lost one of its most earnest and best loved members, one who helped much in the good work we strive to do, one who made sunshine in many shady places. Truly it can be said of our brother, that he made the world better for having lived, and us, his friends, better for having been associated with him. Though his name be no longer on our roll, it will ever remain in our memories, as the name of one who not only had his ideal of manhood, but lived up to that ideal, and gave to the world an example of an honest, sincere genial, high minded gentleman.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Sister Spaulding and her son, and trust, that as the years go by, the remembrance of their loved one's many virtues will comfort them and that they will realize that,

"We live in deeds, not years.
He most lives who thinks the noblest, acts the best."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this chapter, and that copies be sent to the wife and son of our late brother.

Fraternally submitted,

John P. McMurray,
Jeannette C. Hillman,
Margaret B. Searles,
Committee

San Francisco, February 3, 1893.

Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, Cal.

IN MEMORIAM

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on Tuesday, February 21, 1893, the following memorial was adopted by an unanimous vote:

It is fitting and appropriate that this board should take official notice of the death of a member of the Mechanics' Institute, who for many years, as a Trustee, served the Institute faithfully and well.

Mr. George Spaulding, who died on the 27th day of January, 1893, for sixteen years was a Trustree of this Association, and cherfully rendered it a

service of immeasurable value in giving his best thought, earnest work and personal attention to its affairs.

In the early days of the history of the Association, and of the Fairs, he shared the hardships and the responsibility of a faithful Trustee, ever ready to render his best services, and ever at his post doing his duty.

His advice was always wise and disinterested, and was given with a spirit singly in the interest of the Institute, and now that he has gone, we who remain enlisted in the same cause, bear testimony to his worth, and, by Resolution of the Board of Trustees, order the foregoing to be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, as a record of the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues and associates during his life, and in reverence to his memory, now that he is no more; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of the foregoing Memorial be sent to the family of the deceased.

IRWIN C. STUMP, President.

Attest: J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

San Francisco Typothetae.

Dear Mrs. Spaulding:

The San Francisco Typothetæ, of which your husband was an honored member, extends to you its tenderest sympathy in this time of your deep affliction, and has authorized the Secretary to forward to you a copy of a memorial presented and adopted at a meeting of the Typothetæ, held February 1, 1893. The memorial is as follows:

An honored member of the Typothetæ has been called away by our Heavenly Father. GEORGE SPAULDING, during a residence of thirty years, and an active business career of twenty-five years, in our midst, endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. He was a man who loved his fellow-men; who believed in the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by." He was "an honest man, the noblest work of God." To his friends he was true, to his employes just, to all considerate and kind.

His death is not alone a loss to us, but to the whole community with whom we mourn. And we weep with his near and dear ones, in their utter desolation, while they are weeping for him who has been torn from them and us on this earth forever.

We, the members of the Typothetæ, therefore extend our sincerest sympathy to the family of our late and lamented brother, GEORGE SPAULDING, and adjourn this meeting as a mark of respect to them and love for his memory.

Very sincerely yours,

AI ROLLINS, Secretary.

San Francisco Typographical Union, No. 21.

IN MEMORIAM.

At the regular meeting of San Francisco Typographical Union, No. 21, held on Sunday, February 5th, resolutions of respect to the memory of GEORGE SPAULDING were unanimously adopted as per following report:

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF SAN FRANCISCO TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 21—Your committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the late GEORGE SPAULDING, beg leave to respectfully submit the following:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his inscrutable wisdom, to remove from our midst, our beloved and esteemed employer, GEORGE SPAULDING, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death we are called upon to mourn the loss of a true and tried friend, who in former years, as an active member of Eureka Typographical Union, No. 21, was ever an earnest advocate and promoter of the interests of the organization and a faithful adherent of its principles. Neither time nor circumstance ever changed the fraternal sympathy he felt for the craft; and while in later years he became an employer, in his altered relations he was still the kind and considerate friend of the printer, just and generous in his dealings with his employes and ever solicitous for their welfare.

Resolved, That in this tribute to his memory we deem it but fitting to add that as a citizen he commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him; as a business man he had the unbounded confidence of all with whom he had dealings, and as an employer he had in addition the affection of his employes; as a member of society he was exemplary in the highest degree; as a husband and father he was loved and venerated to the fullest extent. Honest, upright and sincere in all the relations of life, he leaves behind him a memory to be cherished and an example well worthy of emulation.

Resolved, That we tender his bereaved family our deepest sympathy in their great affliction, and pray that the God of the widow and the fatherless may have them in His special keeping.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this union, a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased, and be printed in the *Union Printer*.

J. B. BACCUS,
J. F. BROWN,
J. P. DILL,
Committee.

In Memoriam

Professor

George Husmann

Napa, California

November 5th

1902

CURRICULUM VITÆ

GEORGE HUSMANN was born on November 4th 1827 at Meyenberg near Bremen, Germany, where his father held the locally important positions as teacher and Justice of the Peace for over 20 years. He received when eight years old only six months training at his fathers school before his family emigrated to the United States. This schooling and some private lessons given him by his brother Frederick who was eight years his senior was all the instruction he received, outside of his selfeducation. He venerated his brother in grateful admiration and his portrait, an old family oilpainting, always held the place of honor in his study. During the gold excitement his ambition carried him across the plains to California. A few months after locating he received word from his pet sister Josephine that her husband had died and she desired him to take charge of the estate, so returning by way of Panama, the year 1851 found him settled in Hermann, Gasconade Co., Mo. and it was here where his horticultural career began. Here he established next to Longworth the oldest establishment in this country turning American grapes into American wine.

In 1858 the firm of Husmann & Manwaring was organized and existed until the death of Manwaring, he however continued the business in his own name. January 18th, 1862, Willard P. Hall, Acting Governor of Missouri, commissioned him first Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 4th Regiment of Volunteers. He was mustered out February 1st, 1863. After the war he again followed the business previously established and conducted extensive nurseries and one of the largest fruitfarms in the state, known far and wide as a model farm, his fruits and wines receiving first awards at all the fairs and expositions held at that time. In 1866 his first book "Grapes and Wine" was published and the same year he and Carl Schurz were elected by the State of Missouri Electors at-large for President and Vice-President of the United States. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention for revising the Constitution of the State of Missouri. About 1869 he began the publication of the "Grape Culturist", a journal devoted exclusively to grape growing and wine making. This was continued for about four years. About the same time the Bluffton Wine Company of Bluffton, Missouri, was organized. Of this he became president. In 1870 he was appointed a member of the Board of Curators of the Missouri State University. He was one of the first, if not the first to ship cuttings of

American resistant vines to France for re-establishing her vineyards. He was a charter member of the Missouri Horticultural Society and of the State Board of Agriculture and remained a member of both until he left the state. In 1872 he established the Husmann Nurseries at Sedalia, Mo., which he conducted until 1878 when he was appointed Professor of Pomology and Forestry of the State University of Missouri.

In 1878 he and Parker Earle originated and organized the Mississippi Horticultural Society. In 1880 his second book "Grape Growing and Wine Making" was published.

In 1881 he resigned his Professorship at the University and accepted the management of the J. W. Simonton Estate, the Talcoa Vineyards in Napa County, California. In 1885 Hon. Norman J. Colman, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, appointed him State Statistical Agent of California. While acting in this capacity he served as a member of the Viticultural Congress convened at Washington and collected the wines sent from this state to the Paris Exposition which were awarded some 20 medals. The remaining years of his life were spent writing for various horticultural and viticultural journals and papers, to which he was a regular and constant contributor. His quiet home at Napa and his ranch in Chiles Valley, Napa County, served as places of recreation and enjoyment from his literary pursuits.

In 1888 his third book "Grape Culture and Wine Making" was published. Of this a new and revised edition was published in 1892 and in 1896 a fourth edition revised, and rewritten, with additions was issued.

He was 75 years old Nov. 4th. Died Nov. 5th 1902. He was married to Miss Louisa Carolina Kielmann July 13th 1854, at Hermann, Gasconade Co. As a result of this union ten children were born. His wife and six children, Louisa Charlotta Josephine; Amalia Wilhelmine; George Charles Frederick; Johanna Cecelia; Josephine Lucie and Frederick Ludwig Husmann survive him.

G. C. H.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE REV. RICHARD WYLIE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE - - - - -

GEORGE HUSMANN

AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NAPA, CAL., NOVEMBER 8TH, 1902

"God shall wipe away all tears." Rev. VII, 17.

In the ripeness of years, having passed the three-score and ten of the allotment of human life, having known the richest blessing of earthly happiness, in a peaceful and ideal old age, spent in the tranquility of the home, which he loved supremely of all earthly things, after a brief illness, during which he received the attentions of his dear ones and was cheered by their presence and their words of comfort — the weapons of life's warfare have been laid down and the soldier sleeps; the implements of the toiler's industry have been resigned to the hands of others and the laborer is at rest.

A distinctly representative character has lived among us and is now taken from us by the hand of death. In the departments of thought, industry and progress, the world has comparatively few leaders. The gift of patient observation through the course of years, the talent for generalisations, the faculty of reaching conclusions, that are of permanent value, because based on the actual facts of life these are endowments, which are but rare. They were possessed by the deceased in an eminent degree. The record of his wide study and of his matured thought, especially in the direction of horticulture and viticulture, may be found in the books he has written and in the letters, which his productive pen was wont to contribute to the journals, of which he was correspondent. From that land of proverbial patience and thoroughness in investigation, he came to this country, peculiarly adapted by natural temperament and previous training, to participate in the developement of the progress of the West, in matters pertaining to pomology and the culture of the vine. Early realising the possibilities of this new and favored clime, he sought to reproduce here the best traditions of his father-land, as regards the care of the vine and the best manufacture of its products. On both sides

of the Rocky mountains he has been concerned in suggesting, leading and directing the thought and the practice of those interested in the growth of fruits and in their successful marketing. No season passed without the reading public being advised by him in many ways, that were uniformly helpful and productive of the best results. From the quiet seclusion of his study, that active mind — unimpaired by the increasing ailments of his failing body — continued to maintain its helpful interest in all matters of public benefit, and the familiar name, signed beneath his printed articles, was ever the indication of something that it was of advantage to peruse. Many a man of less experience in matters pertaining to the planting and culture of the vine, will ever remain under grateful obligation to him for those hints and warnings, which have prevented mistakes and guided to felicious results. He was ever the foe of all things presumptuous, untried, spurious and pretentious. Whatever of that sort showed its head, was sure to meet a hard knock and its worthlessness to find a disclosure, that was prompt as it was deserved. A master of clear and forcible diction, in a language not that of his birth, it has been the good fortune of this community in particular, and only less, of all the communities of the state of California, to enjoy and profit by the instructions of his facile pen. Nor less did his influence extend to the part of our country beyond the Sierras and the Rockies. Not a few have felt the charm of California and turned their steps hitherward by the influence of his writings. A self-constituted agent of immigration, he has, unaided, led many to find their happy homes in this valley and elsewhere throughout the empire of the Pacific. Much shall we miss his helpful iufluence in this regard, now that his tireless mind is no more engaged in the activities and interests that filled it, while he was with us here.

His was a mind of great serenity. Endowed with refined tastes, in the strong and full sympathy of a home, where love and congenial fellowship prevailed; where literary enjoyments and artistic accomplishments sweetened the associations of the years; with a philosophy, which had long sustained him amid the varied vicissitudes of fortune and of health, he lived his calm and tranquil life, in humble dependence upon God, in kindness toward all men, in high appreciation of the society of his friends, and in hopeful regard for the future of the world and of this state in particular. So utterly devoid of ostentation was he, that many, who knew him not familiarly, failed to discover the depth and wide range of his thinking, his humble but fervent devotion, and the tender seusibilities of his heart. These were best known and most were they valued, in the home of his affection, where for each, he showed the strong sympathies of his nature. There was the full unfolding of his firm, but kind, prudent, but generous, earnest, but tender soul. There he was ever happy in welcoming friends, who sought his fellowship or courted his advice. From that wide circle, who have known and valued his

friendship, there arises today the feeling of a deep and sincere sorrow, mingled with the grateful recollection of his kind thoughts and earnest words. Children and childrens' children live to cherish his memory and recall the unnumbered scenes of his presence, guidance, example, counsel. The long partner of his cares and joys, bereft of his future companionship, will ever feel how much the past association with him, has occupied and enriched her life. The children of his love, will ever bear about the recollection of his kind direction, which has fashioned to a great degree, their lives, in the pattern of his own high motive and earnest service. The dear ones of the younger generation, who called him by the tender appellation of Grandfather, will remember and venerate the face and form and character of him, who gave them ripe and wise counsel and lived his life before them in the dignity of its inspiring example.

Many, who shall look upon the vintages of coming years, may perchance not sufficiently value the advantage, that has come and will come to them, by the guidance of this intelligent mind, in the early days of scientific viticulture in this state. There will be, however, not a few, who will trace a part of the prosperity, that robes the hill-sides and valleys of this and other counties, to him, who at no time, lost faith in the future of the vine; fought its foes; advised what and how to plant and care for and how to effect the best results for fruit and product of the vine. But little cared he for fame or for wealth. The approval of his own conscience was his reward; a competence, which he enjoyed, gave him sweet content. His it was to watch and to report to others, for many years, to the departments of the state and general government, what he had eyes especially educated to see. After his long, useful—and honored because useful—life, he has ceased from his labors. His works shall follow him. Where the vine grows, where the fragrant apple blossoms, in spring time, in ihe wealth of autumn and over the garnered store of winter, in the genial gathering of friends, by the marriage-board, in the toast "to the absent" — this name will be mentioned with honor and with love. Foundation-stones must often be buried out of sight; but none the less do they, in their obscurity, support the fair structures that rise above them. Lives, that have helped the home, the community and the world, must sink into the forgetfulness of the past, as our bodies must be lowered into the grave, but none the less do such lives uphold the edifices of individual and social well-being, which, without them, would not have been erected in the peace and the progress of the world. Poetry and devout sentiment have, in all ages, claimed the vine, with delicate fragrance of blossoms, with tender filling grape and luscious ripened fruit, its climbing form, its clinging tendrils —as an object of specially suggestive beauty and utility. The Great Teacher said "I am the vine, ye are the branches". We trust the suggestion of this inspired utterance was not unfelt by the deceased. From Cana's marriage-feast to the upper chamber of the last supper, the Master

had a use for the product of the vine, in the gentle service of human joy; in the sacred symbolism of the divine love and grace. We believe this latter significance of the chosen emblem of a Savior's great devotion was well-known to him, who, for many years, had professed the faith of a humble believer in that Savior. In the further use of that same symbolism, the words of Christ tell us prophetically of a future fellowship in which, I trust, we shall all share with this loved friend "I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day, when I drink it new—*with you*—in my Fathers's kingdom".

Fond husband, loving father; kind friend, worthy citizen; earnest worker, patient sufferer—thou hast gone from the scenes of earth, full of attraction as they ever were to thy active mind; there are fairer scenes to be unfolded in that life beyond. Sweet as were the hours of loving fellowship in this fair clime of sunshine and flowers; there is a land, that is brighter still—where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, that is in the midst, of the throne, shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes".

OBITUARY

AT THE BIER OF PROF. GEORGE HUSMANN, TULOCAY CEMETERY, NAPA, CAL., NOVEMBER 8TH, 1902 : : : BY CHARLES BUNDSCHU : : :

What words should I select and what sentiment may I command to fittingly express on this solemn occasion the sad and painful affliction we all endure while assembled to offer the last tribute of friendship and affection to a departed friend? We all must confront sooner or later the mysterious portals of death through which he has peacefully entered. We all must accept as the final consequence of our human existence and earthly strife the ultimate verdict of our fellowmen on the merit, substance and result of our labors when they are done and our hand sinks low, when our mind dissolves and our soul returns to the great unknown world from whence it came. Thus we are here to-day not alone as mourning friends, offering our sorrowful sympathy to all the members of the family, bereft of a husband, father and protector so provident faithful and true and of a heart so full of genuine unpretentious tenderness and human benevolence—but we are also grouped around as the representatives of his fellowmen, acknowledging in grateful recognition his rare inspiring virtues as a citizen, his manly straightforward character, his fearless honesty and unbending energy, his clear and intelligent power of observation and application, his cheerful readiness to disseminate his knowledge and his experiences to thousands for the advancement of their own interests and we may readily unite in placing on the shrine of our departed friend, Professor George Husmann, the memorial epitaph:

Thou servedest well to reach a noble aim,
Thy legacy includes an honest name
And thy descendants proudly may proclaim:
Thy labors added to thy country's fame!

Reviewing before our retrospective eye the untiring unselfish efforts of his noble and simple life, we find it devoted to the solution of the great problems and mysteries of nature and of plantlife as they appeal to mankind in the culture and propagation of the noblest and most important fruits in the kingdom of horticulture. His experiences and observations as a teacher and professor at the State University of Missouri

formed the foundation of his future practical, experimental and scientific work in California. A firm believer in the possibilities of our great state, he came here to preach the "Gospel of the Grape" and as an apostle of true temperance he defended and eulogized Viticulture as one of the fountainheads of happiness, prosperity and cheerful sobriety. His counsel and advice for the elevation of the viticultural industry formed the nucleus of his literary work and all of it was devoted in openhearted unselfish simplicity to the advancement of the common cause and to the fulfillment of his duties as he saw them towards his fellowmen. — —

The land of sunshine, grapes and flowers you loved so well has now become your eternal resting place. "Wine that maketh glad the heart of men" has so often inspired your enthusiastic and patriotic soul to proclaim its wonders and to glorify its future. Its grateful people will never forget your patriotic devotion and the services you have rendered towards the progress and development of its agricultural resources. May your slumber be peaceful and the memory of your life ever be bright and green and ever be renewed when the flourishing vineyards on the vineclad hills of our beautiful valleys are covering their tender shoots with luxuriant foliage and the autumn sun ripens her golden and purple fruit. We will then think of you in the same lofty spirit and sentiment in which *you* cherished the recollection of your old friend Father Muench, the pioneer vineyardist of Missouri:

"Peace be to his memory! One of the best and most congenial of "men, he will live in the grateful remembrance of his many friends".

Thus it will be with you. May mother earth and the surroundings of your dearly beloved Napa Valley enshrine you peacefully and give you rest! Farewell, good friend—farewell!

ON November 10th, 1902, at the regular monthly meeting of the

CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

an organization founded in San Francisco by representatives of the State Board of Trade, Merchants' Exchange, Manufacturers' Association, Board of Trade, Merchants' Association, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Professor George Husmann, up to the year 1900 State Statistical Agent of the U. S. Department of Agriculture fulfilled his earthly mission and we sorrowfully place on record on November 5th 1902, his death after a useful and energetic life, be it

RESOLVED, that we recognize his untiring efforts for the promotion of the Horticultural, Viticultural and Pomological interests of our State as most commendable and worthy of remembrance, and that the California Promotion Committee acknowledges the merits of his labors and deplores the loss of an earnest promoter and vindicator of the most valuable interests of our State;

RESOLVED, that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Committee and that the Secretary be requested to send a copy thereof to the widow and the members of his family.

CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

A. T. HESS
Secretary

ANDREA SBARBARO
Chairman

C369,12

Office of the Governor

Society of Colonial Wars in the State of California

John Stewart Kulp

Of the United States Army, died at Seattle, Washington, on June 3, 1910.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, March 8, 1866, after graduating from the Medical Departments of the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Berlin, from which he received the several Degrees of M.D. and Ph.D., in May, 1893, he was, by President Cleveland, commissioned First Lieutenant in the Medical Department of the Army, receiving in due course the promotions to Captain and Major, with which latter rank he was retired by reason of disabilities acquired in the arduous campaigns of the Philippines. His tours of service extended throughout Washington, Wyoming, Alaska, and he participated in most of the battles in the Philippine Islands, where he organized several Hospitals and Hospital Companies of Instruction.

In "Recognition for conspicuous courage and zeal" he was recommended for promotion by the Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment Infantry, on April 6, 1899.

He was a member of the Pennsylvania Society, Sons of the Revolution; the Association of Military Surgeons, the Military Service Institution, the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, the Order of Foreign Wars, the Spanish-American War Veterans, and various clubs.

Elected to membership in this Society on June 2, 1904, he continued a zealous member to the end.

Society of Colonial wars in the state of California

Josiah Rumball Stanton

Paymaster United States Navy

Born, Buffalo, New York, March 4, 1849
Died, Santa Barbara, Cal., March 14, 1911

His widowed mother, having married John B. Weller, Governor of California, he came to Sacramento at the age of nine years, where his early education was commenced.

In March, 1870, President Grant commissioned him Assistant Paymaster of the United States Navy, and at the date of his retirement, by reason of disabilities acquired in the service, he had been promoted to Paymaster, with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. His tours of service embraced all the ocean waters of the world, and for eleven years his careful supervision of the Pay Department under his orders, placed him in charge on shore duty at the Navy Yards in New York City, Washington and Mare Island, California.

He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, Cosmos and University Clubs of San Francisco, the Camera and General Service Clubs of New York City and the Metropolitan and Army and Navy Clubs of Washington, D. C. He was elected to this Society on April 3, 1897, and he was an active member of our San Francisco Chapter.

He left a widow and one child.

Society of Colonial wars in the state of California

William Northrope Coules

Born, Orwell, Pennsylvania, December 25, 1861
Died, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 17, 1911

By reason of delicate health, when but seventeen years old, he came to California and settled in Santa Barbara, where he pursued his studies under private tutors, acquiring proficiency in both the French and Spanish languages.

In the early years of his manhood he was placed in charge of important interests in Santa Barbara, which he managed with success for many years, when he went to San Francisco, where he engaged in mining, electric and other properties, and in which he accumulated a satisfactory material competency. He was a member of the California Society, Sons of the Revolution, and for assistance rendered the Turkish Consul at San Francisco, he was, by the Sultan of Turkey, created a Chevalier of the Order of the Medjidie.

He was elected to this Society on December 21, 1899.

Hon. George Eli Hall

George Eli Hall

Born, Nice, France, March 17, 1863

Died, Lima, Peru, November 28, 1911

His father, an American citizen, descended from early Colonial ancestors, was detained in Europe for a lengthy period by his business engagements, and the early years of George Eli Hall were passed in France, Switzerland, Germany and Turkey, in whose schools he received his education.

Upon his coming to the United States, he lived for a time in Santa Barbara, California, eventually making his permanent home in San Francisco. His familiarity with the language and customs of the many countries of Europe and Africa enabled him to be of material aid to tourists and immigrants in San Francisco from those lands, and their reports to their home governments induced the tender to him of appointment as their official representative, and his services were rewarded by high promotion in their most exclusive Orders.

For many years he was Consul General in the Western part of the United States for both Turkey and Persia, and he gave valuable services for Tunis and Portugal.

He received the following promotions, viz.:

Knight Officer of the Imperial Order of Medjidie, Turkey.

Commander of the Imperial Order of Osmanie, Turkey.

Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Nichan Iftikar of Tunis.

Grand Officer of the Imperial Order of the Lion and Sun of Persia.

Chaldean Patrician of St. Thomas' Patriarchal Apostolic Throne of Babylon, the titular member of Assistance at the Most Holy Sanctuary of our entirely blessed predecessor St. Stephen.

Knight of the Holy and Royal Order of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Portugal.

His official duties and private affairs requiring his presence in South America, after a long and painful illness he died in Peru, deeply mourned by his many friends and associates.

He was elected a member of this Society April 3, 1899.

H. O. C.

FRANK CLARKE PRESCOTT,
Governor.

Los Angeles,
April 10, 1912

cB

In Memoriam

—OF—

Henry Huntley Haight.

Francis & Valentine, Printers, 317 Clay Street, San Francisco.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

Rev. Rodney L. Tabor,

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Alameda.

AT THE

FUNERAL

OF

HENRY HUNTLEY HAIGHT

September 4th, 1878.

Francis & Valentine, Printers, 517 Clay St., San Francisco.

ADDRESS.

A true, great, good man has gone to his rest. We are called upon to enter into the sad twilight where another sun has set—to halt upon our march—to let the din of business hush, and sit down under the shadows for serious thought.

Oh, what a mystery is life! Lights of joy and shades of pain; to-morrows in hope, yesterdays in memory, only a passing moment in actual possession; ambition putting in the sickle, hopes defeated weeping over the scanty harvest; giant plans and purposes dwindling into dwarf results, or left unfinished like the tower of Babel;—what it all means no tongue can tell, until it is inspired by the great good news that comes from God. Swiftly race duties and privileges along the beaten track of time; the planets wheel their courses unswervingly, and night, and noon, and every golden hour takes its appointed place; we move along as though we, too, were part of the imperishable machinery of the universe, and having once made the round of our little orbit, should swing it over and over again. Engrossed in the busy whirl of materialisms and secularities, we rush on as though the morrows were all assured us, and "the night when no man can work" were but a fiction of fancy—a dream of the past. So God involves us again in the twilight where another sun has set, that we may realize the event that happens to all, and be taught to so number

our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom, "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave," where we each and all shall so soon close our earthly pilgrimage. On, to the midnight of death, we are marching. How soon for us shall fall the shut of life's April day, we cannot prophesy. Scarcely a being of all this multitude, to-day in grief's twilight, will fifty years hence be found in this or any other city, save in that populous metropolis where the dwellings on the silent streets have marble fronts.

For four years I have been acquainted with the religious experience and opinions of the sleeping statesman, and I know he would have me speak at this hour of the shortness of time and the certainty of death's surprise;—he would have me remind all men that we have no promise of to-morrow; that death has no signal service—sends no dispatches as to the exact moment of his appearance;—"in an hour when ye think not"—perhaps an hour when life's grand privileges are only being dreamed away, death will come. His summons will surprise us in the midst of many works unfinished and favorite plans unrealized; we shall be startled by the suddenness of the call, but death will not wait. Life is speeding away, time ever growing shorter. "What thou doest, do quickly." Scarcely is life long enough to undo mistakes, and there are some blunders which lose heaven. To-day is rock, to-morrow sand; take care on which you build.

Death is night—a night of sleep and rest. In the catacombs of Rome, despair is written on the heathen tombs in words like these: "he is dead,"—"clean gone,"—"passed away;" but hope is graven o'er the

Christian grave in words that say "he rests,"—"takes repose,"—"he sleeps."

> "The dead in Christ repose in guarded rest,
> Hope, in their graves, kindles her never dying lamp,
> And throws upon their treasured dust a steady ray,
> Full of immortality."

The good news from God certifies that death is not annihilation, not perishing, not extinction, but simply life grown quiet in a dreamless sleep. The stream of life, beginning in the mountain springlet, winding and tortuous in its current, murmuring and fretting and foaming through stony straits, broken by its falls from rock to rock, at each successive stage gathering more breadth and depth and volume, only to dash with mightier plash and pain against opposing obstacles, at last falls into a calm, calm sea, where is neither sun nor moon to stir a throbbing tide, nor wind to raise a restless wave. Rest after the turmoil; quiet after the long, rude tossing; after the fretful waking an unruffled sleep in the bosom of peace—such is the Christian death. Heart and flesh fail with weariness, and we ought to thank God that the night cometh, when the feverish tide of life must cool, and the warm heart cease to beat, for only so do the weary find a perfect rest from God—for "so he giveth his beloved sleep." Earth's noisy din is hushed, earth's woeful sights unseen; there is not a motion, not a sigh, not a tear,—perfect repose enwraps and embalms the relic of the departed soul.

But if death is a sleep, it is more than calm repose after the toilsome day. There is no such thing as "a sleep that knows no waking." Night and sleep are only intermediate things, and surely when God in his Revelation pictures death as a sleep, he would teach us

that it, too, is only intermediate between two periods of waking. A resurrection morn shall crown the night with matchless splendors. Eyes that slumber shall open in rapturous surprise; ears now closed shall listen to the full flow of heavenly harmonies; the set lips shall drink the chalice of eternal joy and taste celestial fruits from trees of life; rigid arms shall relax to wave the banner of love, and the palm branch of perfect victory, or strike the harp of an immortal joy; and feet now cold and moveless shall pace with warm and tireless tread the golden streets of everlasting progress—the pathways of pleasantness and peace. Each pulsation of the immortal heart, each pure, unbounded rapture of the after-life bears witness that God's child does not die, he only falls asleep.

"And now the days and nights of earth are flown,
And he lies dead,
Come ye, and write, dear friends, upon the stone
Above his quiet head;
He sleeps; yet far upon the crystal sea
His heart is waking—waking Lord with thee."

Dark as it may be, death is only a night, and the morning must speedily dawn.

This night of death has cast its fearful shadow over the whole western coast. We mourn the loss of a Christian Statesman, who has proven himself true and trusty in every exalted position he has occupied, as well as in the walks of private life. The legal fraternity, the church and leaders in learning are here to do him honor.

He fell in the midst of his ripening years. At fifty-three his powers were in their prime; he had won the respect of all men and the personal love of many. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., May 20th, 1825;

graduated in Yale College in the class of 1844; was admitted to the practice of law at St. Louis in 1847. He came to California in 1850; was elected Governor in 1867; and served the State with great acceptance and singular fidelity Twice he refused the position of U. S. Senator. He was not so much a politician as a statesman, yet public life was less attractive to him than the practice of his own chosen profession. His preferences were for his own office above any public office. He was a *lawyer* by profession, a *Christian* in practice. In all the thirty-one years of his law practice I think it can be truly said:

> "Whatever legal maze he wandered through,
> He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,
> And justice always into mercy grew."

His mind was keen and cultured—well stored with treasures from a wide range of reading, and he was looking forward to a time when he could shorten his office hours, and thus gain more time for the gratification of his literary taste. Cordial and warm-hearted, however severe the duties that pressed upon him, and heavy the burdens that harassed him, a good-natured smile always dwelt on his countenance, ready at the least provocation to light up his features and scatter the look of care. Neither distant nor unduly reserved, even strangers when they talked with him felt they had come in contact with a friend. In his professional work, as well as in all other matters which made appeal to his judgment, he was a wise counsellor and safe adviser.

As a *Christian* lawyer, he used the law lawfully and in all things adhered to his firm religious convictions. He was one of the rare examples of a great lawyer and

statesman active and prominent in the Church of Christ. The type of his religious belief was Calvinistic, and it had in it the strength, firmness and compactness of the faith of his Scotch ancestry over the sea. His religious convictions were intelligently formed and rigidly adhered to, but there was never the shadow of bigotry in his expression of them. Aware of all the so-called modern improvements in belief, he could never adopt any of them as substitutes for the faith he had learned from the Bible, and proved in his own experience to be true and soul-satisfying. His religious life was steady as the roll of a planet in its orbit. Always in his place at divine service, his example was a power; weaker souls looked up to him and learned a new lesson in the art of Christian fidelity. He had been for years an ordained elder in the Presbyterian Church. His was a greatness that never seemed to be conscious of condescension; whatever was duty, however humble, he faithfully performed. His tastes were simple. He loved the grand and simple songs of Zion; he took pleasure in the little church in Alameda, with which for four years he has been identified, and in the little Bible class he taught, and expressed an appreciation of the poor preaching of his pastor, which well illustrates the generosity and kindness of his nature. Whenever he found it necessary to pass rebuke, his manner and his words were so timely and gentle and kind that they made no unnecessary wound.

He has been a prince and a leader in the Presbyterian Church on this coast. Whenever churches were to be built, or church debts raised, or wise counsel was needed, Governor Haight has been one of the first resorts, and freely has he opened his hand and his

heart. Could all souls be assembled whom this man has befriended and helped, this great room would not begin to contain them. Could all the church edifices and buildings for benevolent uses which he has assisted in erecting on this coast be placed side by side, they would stretch for many blocks along no common street. He needs no better monument; these things speak louder than the choicest words of eulogy the human tongue could utter.

He has gone to his rest, and a great multitude pronounce him *blessed*. He will be missed from the bar of justice,—sadly missed from the courts of the Lord's house; church and state have met with irreparable loss.

> "Not for him, but for us, should tears now be shed;
> Mourn, mourn for the living, but not for the dead.
> Let the dirge be unsung, and awaken the psalm;
> No cyprus for him who lies crowned with the palm.
> Though with tears for his parting
> Our eyes may be dim,
> For ourselves they are falling,
> Not for him—not for him."

The memory of such a life as his is the best legacy he could leave to the State, the Church, and his own bereaved and stricken family. A great commonwealth and church mourn his loss and extend to his family the kindliest and most heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow. Marah's bitter fountain has burst forth. I dare not try to speak words of comfort; but as Moses received from God a branch that made the bitter sweet, I bid you find in God's kind consolations some healing of your grievous wound—some branch to take away the deep, deep bitterness of this your mighty grief.

And, ye men of law; ye men of gospel; ye men of wealth and learning: I charge you not to lose the life that now has closed on earth, but in some of its features of great fidelity, high-poised faith, open-handed benevolence, and true nobility; let it live over again in your own lives; perpetuate the memory of this man's sterling worth in your own living words and works, to the honor of Christian manhood and the glory of Almighty God.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY HUNTLEY HAIGHT.

In the Supreme Court of the State of California, on September 25th, 1878, Mr. John W. Dwinelle, one of the Counsellors of that Court, spoke as follows:

May it Please the Court:

The sudden death of Ex-Governor Haight, which took place at San Francisco, on September 2d, 1878, has called forth from the public Press, the Regents of the University, the Pioneer Societies, the Board of Supervisors of the City of San Francisco, the Pulpit, and from other sources, the most honorable testimonials of appreciation, regard and regret. But his brethern of the Bar Association of the City of San Francisco felt that something more should be done to connect his name with the permanent literature of the profession to which he belonged, and which he adorned for so many years in the State of California. Accordingly, at a meeting held on the third of September, 1878, they appointed Messrs. John W. Dwinelle, Delos Lake, and Ralph C. Harrison, a committee, to prepare a suitable memorial, to be presented to the Supreme Court of this State, the National Courts, and the other Courts of record sitting in the City and County of San Fran-

cisco, with a request that it be spread upon their minutes. Pursuant to that request, we submit the following:

Henry Huntley Haight was born in the City of Rochester, Monroe County, in Western New York, on May 20th, 1825. His paternal ancestry of the Haights belonged to an English line of descent, and was derived from a family which, as early as A. D. 1400, was found well established in England, although it preserved a tradition that its origin was German. In the year 1628—250 years ago—the first American ancestors of the Haights landed at Salem, Massachusetts. The family pursued, with a regular and not fitful impulse, that "Star of empire, which westward takes its course," for, in the year 1678, we find Gov. Haight's paternal ancestors established in Queen's County, Long Island, New York; in 1695, in Westchester County; in 1778, in Green County; in 1800, in Steuben County; in 1830, in Monroe County, New York; in 1846, at St. Louis, Missouri; afterwards at San Francisco.

Governor Haight was proud of his paternal ancestry, whose history he could thus trace through several centuries of easy material prosperity and culture; the males receiving the highest education then possible to be attained at the higher Academies and the Universities; and the females a corresponding intellectual development. But he was equally proud of his Scottish pedigree, and that his mother, a Cameron, gave him an undoubted descent from the Camerons of Lochiel, consecrated in history by the pens of Hogg, Campbell, Scott, Wilson, and Macauley. His junior brother, a young lawyer of great promise, was named Dugald Cameron Haight, and perished in the surf at

the mouth of the Chagres River, while on his way to California, in January, 1852, after his graduation at Yale College, in 1847, and his subsequent admission to the Bar of Missouri; and the eldest nephew of Gov. Haight, the son of his eldest sister, Jeanette Cameron Haight, was named Cameron Haight King.

The writer of this memorial knew Henry H. Haight as early as the year 1839, almost forty years ago. He was then a pupil of thirteen years of age, preparing for college in the Rochester Collegiate Institute, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Chester Dewey, long before that time a distinguished Professor in Williams' College, and who afterwards died while occupying the leading chair of Natural Science in the University of Rochester.

It is a great advantage, as well as a personal pleasure, to one who seeks to delineate a departed friend, to preserve an accurate remembrance of him as he appeared in his yearly youth. To the writer of this memorial, its subject stands forth clearly defined as the school-boy of forty years ago. A lad of thirteen years, clad in a grey roundabout, adorned with three rows of concave steel buttons; with the ruddy complexion of health; the clear look of truthfulness in the transparent eyes; the elastic tread of exuberant vitality; and the audible play of lungs which needed to be repressed rather than stimulated. At one time we heard him say,

> "My name is Norval, on the Grampion Hills
> My father feeds his flocks."

Anon:

> "My voice is still for war!
> Gods! Can a Roman Senate long debate
> Which of the two to chose—Slavery or Death?"

But even then, as a boy, his taste seemed to prefer the sad refrain in which the poet Campbell, in his double character of prophet and historian, both predicts and recites the calamities which befell Cameron of Lochiel, on account of his loyalty to an unhappy and devoted race:

> "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
> When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
> For the field of the dead rushes red on thy sight
> And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight!"

We repeat here these declamations of the school-room, because, as memory recalls them to us in the clear and distinct enunciation of our dead friend, they seem to reveal something, and to furnish us a new insight into his character. For, as he possessed the birthright of the Camerons, which he never undervalued, but always cherished—perhaps over-cherished, because their loyalty to the banished Scottish line of British kings brought upon them ruin, dispersion and exile—so was he eminently Scottish and Celtic in the essential elements of his character.

In 1840 Mr. Haight entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1844, with high honors in his class. He then rejoined at St. Louis his father, Fletcher Matthews Haight. The latter, a distinguished lawyer, born in the year 1799, had graduated at Hamilton College, New York, in the year 1818, in the same class with Gerrit Smith. He was the son of Gen. Samuel S. Haight, who was born in the year 1778, admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the State of New York about the year 1800, and died in 1863, at the ripe age of 85 years.

Gen. Haight was a polite, suave gentleman of the old school, whose house, near the frontier of advancing

civilization, was the center of a genial and abundant, rather than luxurious hospitality, where the most cultured society and the rudest pioneers were equally welcome, and equally at ease. His descendants proudly cherish in remembrance that, as Major-General of the New York militia, he was marching at the head of his division to the Canadian frontier when peace was declared, in the war of 1812. Gov. Haight's paternal grand-uncle, Gen. Vincent Matthews, was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of New York in the year 1790, and was an early Representative in Congress of the Ontario District of Western New York, from the year 1809 to 1811, which district then embraced about one-third of the whole territory of that State. The cousin of Fletcher Matthews Haight, Selah Matthews, was for thirty years one of the most prominent members of the eminent bar of Western New York. After his graduation, young Henry, after pursuing his legal studies for several years with his father, was admitted to the bar of the State of Missouri in 1847, and entered into partnership with him in St. Louis. In that city he published for a time a Free Soil newspaper—a fact which, with its eventualities, sheds a strong light upon his character. In 1849, he embarked for California, where he arrived in January, 1850. His uncle, Samuel W. Haight, a pioneer of 1846, had preceded him; another uncle, Henry Haight, of the Banking House of Page, Bacon & Co., followed soon afterwards. A younger brother, Samuel Haight, who went to the Sandwich Islands for his health, died at sea, on his return, in December, 1853. Another brother, Robert Haight, is a member of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco.

Of eleven of his brothers and sisters—a patriarchal family of twelve—only one brother and four sisters now survive. They are all residents of California; the sisters are mothers of families, but none of the family except Governor Haight and his eldest sister were of the Cameron stock. Gov. Haight was for a time a partner in the practice of law at San Francisco with Gen. James A. McDougall; and also afterwards with his father, Fletcher Matthews Haight, until the latter was appointed, by President Lincoln, Judge of the Southern District of the State of California, in which office he died. He afterwards married Miss Anna E. Bissell, daughter of Capt. Bissell, of St. Louis. Some of the children of this marriage died in their infancy; yet four survive.

From this brief historical narrative, it appears that Henry H. Haight was a lawyer; not only a lawyer by choice, but a lawyer, in a certain sense, by hereditary descent; that the profession of law belonged to him by the family possession of more than eighty years—more than three extended generations of practical life in both the direct and collateral lines of ancestry; and that upon him were thus heaped in abundant richness the wealth of general and special cumulated culture. This is the solution of the phrase, "Blood will tell." Whatsoever we may think of qualities transmitted by hereditary descent, we cannot deny that cumulative culture—that soft influence constantly falling like the gentle dew upon the family—does make itself felt from generation to generation. At least three hundred years of these benificent forces, in the form of the tender ties of home, of genial domestic intercourse, of self sacrifice, the gratification of literary taste, and a

hundred years of the study, culture, and practice of the law, had spent themselves in the production of such a man as Henry H. Haight.

He was eminently successful in the practice of the law. His clientage was large, but he was equal to its demands upon him. His consciousness of duty to the public, as well as to his clients, prompted him to be always ready with his cases. His genial sympathy endeared him to those whose interests he had in charge. He was never satisfied with his conduct of a case until he felt that he had been fully understood by the Court or Jury; and his pertinacity in this respect often secured him a victory where otherwise he would have failed.

Successful in his profession, he was tempted away from it by a nomination from the Democratic Party to the office of Governor of the State, in 1867. We say tempted, not because he failed as Governor, for he did not fail, but because the office was not suited to the man, such as his education, his tastes, his religious culture had made him.

In the history of our State we have elected many Governors. They have all been honest and honorable men. We may proudly spread our list beside that of any other State of the American Union. Many of those whose names are found upon it were strong partisans, but not one of them would do a mean, a discreditable or dishonest act, and among them all no one stands higher than Henry Huntly Haight. We cannot invoke a greater praise upon his official life; no brighter honor to his memory.

After his retirement from the office of Governor he returned to the successful practice of his profession.

He was thus enabled in a short time to recover from the heavy losses which his occupancy of the office of Governor had entailed upon him. During the last Summer, while absent on an extended tour at the East, he was nominated and elected a Delegate at large to the coming Convention to revise the Constitution of the State. His experience would have made him one of the most useful members of that body. We know, from his own declarations, how earnestly he would have endeavored to reduce taxation; to emancipate counties from the expensive tyranny of county cliques; to relieve the office of Governor from the physical, moral and political strain of exercising the pardoning power; and to elevate the office of Governor of the State from being the mere chairman of committees, to the position of Grand Censor and Inquisitor of the State. Governor Haight's matured opinion was, that instead of being a component member of the State Prison Directors, Board of Regents of the University, the State Normal School, the Board of Examiners, the Board of State Capitol Commissioners, and the like, where he can be overruled by a bare majority vote, and thus held responsible by public opinion for acts in which he does not concur, he should rather be the officer to whom all such bodies should make report of what they had done, and be vested with large power of supervision, suspension and removal.

Henry Huntley Haight was a man of profound religious convictions and belief. He was a Presbyterian, accepting the creed of Calvin. We might here pause to discuss a possible mysterious influence which the blood of his Scottish and Cameronian ancestors may have had in the formation of his religious belief, or in

developing the pertinacity with which he adhered to it. But that would only permit an outside discussion to divert us from what we consider to be the greatest lesson taught to us by his life, his method of living, and his character.

In this age, where skepticism, if not fashionable, is certainly not wholly unfashionable, and where often the skeptic thinks himself warranted in becoming a scoffer, there is something refreshing in the spectacle of a man of acknowledged integrity, high cultivation, and intelligence, who publicly avows that in respect of the relations of man to his God, he has attained to the condition of an absolute belief, and that he is ready and willing to carry this belief out—not only in theory, but in action—to its remotests results. Our deceased friend had attained to this condition. He early adopted the faith of a Calvinistic Presbyterian, never wavered from it, and was at the time of his death an ordained elder of that church. He accepted that belief with all its duties; he was faithful to it, not only in his family, but also in all the forms into which it ramified itself; in the church, the Bible-class, the Sunday School, and in every collateral organization and enterprise. He was not obtrusively demonstrative in his profession of faith; and yet his conduct left no one in doubt what it was. If challenged, the reply was sharp and ringing. It is pleasing to hear his religious associates speak with deep affection of the reliance they placed on him for judicious counsel; for support in crises of difficulty; for ready material relief in times of great exigency. His was a faith so anchor-bound to the idea of duty, that, in other times, he might have emulated some of the early Christian martyrs, and have accepted, with equal readiness,

the mitre of an Archbishop, or death at the stake as a missionary to the Iroquois.

And in this connection it is proper to note the crisis in his political life. We have already recounted the fact that in his youth he edited a Free Soil newspaper in St. Louis; so he naturally voted for Col. Fremont as the candidate for the Presidency in 1856, and for Mr. Lincoln in 1860. But, when the civil war had so far advanced that it became evident that in its progress it would demand the extinction of the institution of slavery in those States where it was a part of the local organic law, and guaranteed by the National Constitution, Mr. Haight declared that this involved a proposition to which he had never assented, and consequently withdrew his support from President Lincoln and transferred it to Gen. McClellan. This act of his life, the most important of all of his political acts, and sometimes imputed to him as an inconsistency, on the contrary merely demonstrates only the logical and conscientious character of his mind. He had no need to say, as a sufficient answer, "I have changed my mind, as I had a right to change it." He took a higher ground: "I have not changed my opinion, but you have gone beyond my limits; I cannot go with you." Every proposition which he adopted as a rule of action seemed to be equally clearly defined, with all its possible limitations, and beyond these he would not advance a step. There was no indecision here. It was a painful act thus to sever his connection with his old associates, but he did not hesitate to perform it. We have heard a possible indecision imputed to him as a defect in his character. We do not assent to this view. We apprehend that what appeared to be inde-

cision was only the reluctance of his sympathetic nature, and was really a hesitancy to announce his already formed decision to those who would be disappointed, and, perhaps, pained by it.

Governor Haight was never called upon to act in that enlarged sphere where the consequences of his action would entitle him to be called a great man, but he had certain recognizable qualities, which, in their combination, formed a character of great excellence. He did not possess merely a few good and exalted qualities, nor was his character marred by great defects; but it was well rounded. He possessed many good qualities in a great degree of excellence, and if any defects existed in his character, they were so few and so small that they were not apparent to the general observer. And when we have said that his character was excellent, we have said all that can be claimed for that of Washington himself. He was good. He was sympathetic. He was kind. He was learned. He was perspicacious. He was honest. He was trustworthy. He was religious. He was faithful. From the many public tributes which have been offered to his memory, there comes up the audible and distinct utterance of one word which embodies the greatest encomium which could be passed upon his character; and if a monument were erected to him, and upon its base were inscribed that one word, it would suggest the greatest eulogy we could pronounce upon him, as a man, a professor of religion, a lawyer, and the Governor of our State:

FIDELITY.

May it Please the Court:

I move that the preceding Memorial be entered upon the Minutes of this Court.

CHIEF JUSTICE WALLACE:

In token of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, the motion is granted; and, it is further ordered, that the memorial be published with the Reports.